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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



1. Tug of War.
2. Jockey Race.

3. Programme Boy.
4. Marching-Order Race.

5. Pace-Stick Race.
6. Pensioners' Race: Leader 76 years of age.

7. Boot Race for boys of Duke of York's School.

THE GARRISON OF LONDON AT PLAY: ATHLETIC SPORTS AT BURTON'S COURT, CHELSEA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A correspondent of the *Spectator* remarks with truth that there are a good many people, who are neither Hindoos nor Buddhists, to whom the doctrine of metempsychosis, or rather of "reincarnation," seems by no means unreasonable. Indeed, considering the great number and variety of our religious denominations, it seems very extraordinary that there is not one of them that advocates what is, by comparison with some of them, so natural a view. The correspondent in question is a high-flying one, and tells us that few people "feel that they always knew Grimm's law," which seems very probable. He justly admits that the consciousness of having already witnessed the same thing, or even spoken the same words in the past that are being seen or said in the present, of which so much has been made, is no real argument for pre-existence; the circumstance is more likely to be simply due to defective memory. But what he scorns to take notice of is that amazing resemblance in expression, manner, and even conduct, in members of the animal world to those of the human race, which suggests itself to every observant mind. The commonest case, perhaps, is that of a pugilist and his bulldog. There is the same *doggedness* in both, the same strength, the same tenacity, the same stupidity; the biped and the quadruped are the very counterparts of each other. Transmigration of soul is not only too fine a word to use in this connection, but infers too great a change: yet to suppose that the bulldog has once been a prize-fighter—that there has been a "retributive reincarnation"—makes scarcely any demand upon the imagination. In view of the thousand and one theories as regards the nature of punishment after death, the ancient belief that men for their sins take upon themselves the forms of lower animals is not incredible in itself, and is, it must be acknowledged, strongly borne out by external evidence. Not only do certain animals suggest their analogies in the human race, but men themselves often so closely resemble animals as actually to suggest the change that awaits them for their peccadilloes. There is certainly not half so much injustice involved in such a punishment as in others to which divines of various denominations have given their adhesion. There is even a certain poetical justice in it: in the cruel man, for example, being transformed into one of those four-footed fellow-creatures he has so often ill-treated, or in the vain, bad woman becoming a screaming peacock.

How often, even in the first-class railway carriage, do we meet with people who, but for a few points of difference, might be consorting with the travellers in the cattle-truck, or, with a collar round their necks, be lying *perdu*—to save their master the dog-fare—under the seat! Here are some "notes" which I once took of some fellow-passengers: There is a gentleman opposite who has been "in the wars," though not, I think, in a professional capacity. He looks less like a soldier than a gladiator, but very much more like a mastiff than either. His nature is grim and quarrelsome. One can picture him with his hand on the throat of his enemy—or, for the matter of that, of his friend—but still more easily [as will happen in his future] hanging on to the under-lip of a bull. He is sitting "cheek-by-jowl"—or, rather, jowl-by-cheek—with a peaceful member of the Exchange, who is running his red eyes over the newspaper, and showing his sharp white teeth at some financial intelligence, with the conviction that it will be to his advantage, but in total ignorance that he is half a guinea-pig already, and will be a whole one in a few years: he has got some lettuces in a basket, which he will enjoy either in his present or future conditions. Next to him is a fragile, little dainty female, with gazelle eyes, who wants both the windows up. Her pretty nose is cold, which will also happen when in good health, when she becomes an Italian greyhound. Then, instead of lisping in her present affected fashion, she will whine; and, in place of angling for compliments—for it is quite certain, whatever happens, that she is a flirt—she will beg for sweet biscuits. Next to her there is a financial personage, curiously mottled, spherical in form, and who breathes with difficulty and very audibly. If porpoises were in the habit of mopping their foreheads with their pocket-handkerchiefs and gurgling, "Gad! it's warm this morning!" he would be already a porpoise. At present, however, he has not learnt—or, at all events, cannot practise—the art of taking somersaults, for which that animal is so justly celebrated.

But the place to see the animals who once were human beings (if the theory of reincarnation be true) is the Zoological Gardens. There dwells the gazelle, who was a flirt *par excellence*; and the beaver, who was a speculative builder, and makes as great a mess of his business in his present as in his past; and the secretary-bird, who dabbles in mud instead of pen and ink, but with less harm coming of it; and the elephant, who used to edit the old "Quarterly Reviews," and puts his foot down still in the same majestic manner. With such examples of metempsychosis every day before our eyes, it seems superfluous indeed to go back to Plato or to Buddhism for the corroboration of it.

It is very seldom that an "expert" is called upon to back his opinion, except, indeed, with his oath, which he takes much more easily than physic. He often "catches it" from the counsel on the other side, and sometimes from the Judge himself, but Nature—which gives feathers to the duck from which the water slides—enables him to endure all that with philosophy. There is no record in our English Courts of Justice of an expert ever having lost anything (beyond his reputation) through an error in judgment. In matters of art, it would be thought hard indeed if a gentleman, in addition to "taking his oath" about the genuineness of an old master, should be compelled, like the too-confident schoolboy, "to bet sixpence"; but in France matters are managed differently. An art-critic of the kind who said, "That a fly?" just before

the fly flew away—because it was a real one—has been valuing a Rembrandt at £14 which sold for £140, and is now acknowledged to be worth £1400; and the original proprietor has sued him for the difference, and got it! Oh! wise and upright Judge! What a deal of criticism would remain unprinted if ever so little money was risked in the expression of it!

When the expert found himself in danger, he naturally dwelt upon the extreme difficulty of discerning an original from a copy—a circumstance that had certainly never struck him before. The first attribute of an art-critic is to be cocksure. This is also the case with the literary critic; but he stands upon safer ground, "the verdict of posterity"; nobody can disprove *that*, or demand damages. On the other hand, art-critics are occasionally right. There were two students at Rome at the end of the last century so poor that at the daily sales of ancient pictures they bought them for a song to supply themselves with canvas. One of them bought a very bad one, a flower-piece, and, having painted a head upon it, showed it to his friend. The latter happened to observe that the new ground scaled off in many places, and, having removed the scales with his nail, found traces of a beautiful figure beneath them—a woman surrounded by three children. Less devoted to friendship than to art, he easily persuaded the other to sell his "head," and proceeded with the work of renovation. When finished, he showed the picture to Mengs, and that expert at once recognised it as the work of Correggio: it was bought by Lord Bristol for £1500. The duped student brought an action against his ingenious friend, but we are not told how it went.

The above picture was called "Charity"; but Correggio did not confine himself to religious subjects. His "Leda" was copied by Arland with such skill that his version of it would have deceived Mengs or any other expert, and was valued almost as highly as the original. But Arland had scruples as to its moral effect, and in a "fit of piety, at Geneva," destroyed it; not, however, one regrets to add, before he had sold a replica of it for £600.

There are a good many ladies in reduced circumstances who will be looking out for an occupation combining pleasure with profit in the coming summer, and the following advertisement, culled from my daily paper, may concern them. "Wanted, an attendant-companion in country apartments, early in June, to live with a delicate middle-aged lady, and who understands nerve debility. Treated as friend or relative. [This is curiously expressed; but, let us hope, is not significant of the proposed treatment: some people are rather "short" with their friends and relatives.] Very good reader. [This is a little exacting, and suggests that the lady—no doubt from nerve debility—is not a very good listener: snatches the book out of your hand, perhaps, and shies it at you.] Cheerful. Handy with needle. [This is better, at all events, than if it was said of the employer.] Push light wicker-chair when required. [This sounds strange indeed, for not a word is said about anybody being in it.] The lady not an invalid, but, as before stated, suffering from nerve debility." Apply early: such an opportunity is not likely to occur again.

It will be a shock to a good many people to learn that it has been decided by a London Magistrate that to take other people's umbrellas is stealing. The "Classes," as everybody knows who belongs to a club, will feel this as much as the "Masses." A late dignitary of the Church used to boast that for the last ten years of his life he had never lost his umbrella, but then he had engraved on its handle the words "Stolen from the Dean of Westminster," which acted as a deterrent. Many seem to think that there is little more harm in "putting away" an umbrella than in putting one up; and if they leave a cotton one in exchange for a silk one that they have fulfilled not only all the obligations of the law but those of honour. Many conscientious persons stop at hats, but very few at umbrellas. It is, however, some satisfaction to reflect that the Magistrate did not denounce the offence in the individual instance: his remarks were evoked by a wholesale appropriation of the article. The criminal had stolen twenty-five umbrellas, the property of his master (who was a manufacturer of them), and also his master's daughter. The latter act of spoliation, though merely an incidental one, may have unconsciously weighed with his worship, and caused him to comment with such extreme severity upon an offence too common not to be venial.

In view of the late dictum of a High Church ecclesiastic, that persons who have not been christened cannot be married, the last news from the workhouse is rather alarming to gentlemen and ladies who happen to have been brought up there. It appears that the masters of these institutions have been in the habit of christening parish foundlings just as Mr. Bumble, the beadle, used to do. "I name our fondlings," said that great man, "in alphabetical order. The last was a S. Swubble; this was a T. Twist I named him, and the next as comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins: I have got names ready made right through the alphabet." "Why, you are quite a literary character," said Mrs. Mann, who farmed out the children. And now, it seems, history—or at all events parochial annals—is repeating itself. One little girl is named London Wall, and a little boy Finsbury. An attempt was made at variety by naming the infants after the board of guardians, but the members objected to it as likely to promote scandal. The High Church ecclesiastic has expressed his intention, in case of any persons thus unorthodoxly named wanting him to marry them, to christen them first. He says that at present they have no names by which a clergyman can address them. It is probable that at this double ceremony there will be a large, if not a fashionable, attendance.

There is a project afoot for buying Dove Cottage, at Grasmere, as being Wordsworth's early Lakeland home. If we were

to buy all the houses Wordsworth lived in in the district we should have quite a little village on hand. The continuous rise in his fortunes may be easily gathered from them, till, reaching up from high to higher, he stood on the "crowning slope" of Rydal Mount. But Dove Cottage is certainly the most remarkable of his dwelling-places, though the humblest. It was here Scott came to stay with him, and, finding a deficiency of alcohol, was wont to stroll down secretly to The Swan for his drop of comfort. When Southey came over from Keswick to ascend Helvellyn with his brother bards, rather an unfortunate remark was made. The ascent begins from The Swan, and the landlord, recognising Scott, exclaimed, "You are come early for your *stoup* this morning!"

Another humorous incident in connection with Dove Cottage was that of De Quincey and the Malay. It was here that the English opium-eater resided after Wordsworth's departure, and his charity was besought by the wandering Eastern. Money he had not to give him; but the way in which the vagabond eyed his opium convinced the philosopher how he could better please him in another way. He cut him off a piece which, on a moderate computation, should have lasted for a fortnight, and the Malay bolted it at a gulp. De Quincey's relief when his friend did not drop dead at his door was immense, and he watched him move slowly—but still move—up Dunmail Raise, with astounded eyes. "I confess," he says, "I read my *Whitehaven Courier* [or whatever it was] the next Saturday with unusual interest, but there was in it nothing about the man." A gentleman that could take fourteen times De Quincey's ordinary allowance of opium must have had a strong head.

THE ROYAL GARRISON ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the Household Brigade and other regiments stationed in London joined in a public display of military and athletic exercises on Friday, May 30, and Saturday, May 31, at Burton's Court, Chelsea. Major-General Philip Smith, commanding the Home District, visited the ground; and Colonel Paget, of the Scots Guards, Colonel Thynne, Grenadier Guards, Colonel Montgomery, Captain Dalrymple, and other officers acted as judges or starters. Foot-races were not the least interesting part of the competitive performances, and there was a short one for old Chelsea Pensioners, handicapped according to their age; eleven of them ran, one being in his seventy-sixth year, and coming in third. The mile race was won by Private Green, of the 1st Scots Guards. Policemen of the A and B Divisions and boys of the Duke of York's School had races of their own. The Scots Guards defeated the Grenadier Guards in the "Tag of War." The Grenadier Guards' band, and that of another regiment, enlivened the assembly with music.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty is in good health, and takes drives daily around Balmoral. On May 29 Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia took leave of the Queen, and, accompanied by the infant Prince Waldemar, left the castle for the south. Viscount Cross and the Rev. Archibald Campbell, of Crathie, Domestic Chaplain to the Queen, had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh arrived at the castle on the 31st. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning, June 1, by the Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, minister of West Church, Aberdeen, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. Her Majesty went out in the morning with Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon drove out with her Royal Highness, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The Queen has appointed Major-General Sir Christopher Charles Teesdale, K.C.M.G., C.B., V.C., as her Majesty's Master of the Ceremonies, in the room of General Sir Francis Seymour, Bart., resigned.

The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud arrived at Marlborough House on May 28, from Sandringham. The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, left Marlborough House on the 29th, for Gravesend, where he embarked on board Lord Brassey's yacht the *Sunbeam*, and witnessed the regatta of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, of which club his Royal Highness is the Commodore, and Lord Brassey the Vice-Commodore. His Royal Highness was present at a further display of the National Physical Recreation Society in the evening at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, having concluded their visit to the Queen at Balmoral, returned to Buckingham Palace on the 30th, and in the afternoon lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duke and Duchess of Fife being also present. Prince and Princess Henry left for Berlin next day. The Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the Marchioness of Lorne visited the Royal Italian Opera. On Sunday morning, June 1, the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud were present at Divine service. The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Ellis, was present at the annual regimental dinner of the 1st Guards' Club (Grenadier Guards) on the 2nd, at the Hôtel Métropole; the Duke of Cambridge, Colonel of the regiment, presiding. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale arrived at Marlborough House in the evening from York, and was present at the annual dinner of the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers at the Albion, Aldersgate-street. As Grand Master of Freemasons the Prince of Wales has appointed his eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, Provincial Grand Master of the Lerks and Bucks Freemasons, in succession to the late Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., who held that position for many years. The gun-boat *Thrush*, Lieutenant-Commander Prince George of Wales, sailed on the 1st from Plymouth Sound for the North American and West Indies station. Prince George celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday on the 3rd. The Prince of Wales has sent to the Lord Mayor £52 10s. towards the fund being raised to provide a memorial in London of the late Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn, and his Royal Highness has consented to be a patron of the movement, as has also the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief.

Lord Windsor has been appointed Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Glamorgan, in the room of the late Mr. Talbot, M.P.

The Prince of Wales will lay the foundation-stone of the new buildings for the Royal South London Ophthalmic Hospital in July, when the Princess will receive purses of £5 5s. and upwards from ladies and children, who will present them to her on behalf of the Royal Foundation Fund. The purses will be returned to the collectors, after the ceremonial, with inscriptions as mementoes of the day.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Money rules the roast in as well as out of the House. Pluto, in the person of Mr. Goschen, imperatively demanded Supply when the Commons reassembled in small numbers on the Second of June. Otherwise, there was no great reason why the Whitsuntide Recess of hon. members, like the vacation of noble Lords, should not have extended over the Derby Day. As it was, there was a beggarly array of empty benches when the Speaker (visibly improved in health by the holidays, it was satisfactory to note), at an unusually early hour, gave up the chair to Mr. Courtney, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Baron Henry de Worms devoted themselves to the task of securing votes in Committee of Supply. The House was well-nigh deserted. Melancholy would have stamped it for its own, had not the prevailing gloom been relieved by a lively conversation between Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Harry Lawson, who had found some congenial subject for mirth, and lightened by a cool suggestion that the delightful holiday resort the Island of Heligoland should be given up, and by Mr. Picton's earnest protest against maladministration in the Sierra Leone district of West Africa. Sir George Campbell, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Hanbury, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor were among the very, very few members who remained faithful to their trust, and stayed to criticise the Colonial estimates—not altogether to the comfort of Baron De Worms.

A reassuring note was, happily, sounded by Sir James Fergusson, at the commencement of the sitting, respecting the Newfoundland fishery disputes with France. Sir James informed Mr. Gourley that neither her Majesty's Government nor the French Government had received the intelligence that "a body of French Marines had been landed in Newfoundland." Lord Salisbury's judicious lieutenant seasonably added that he felt "quite sure that, until some arrangement has been arrived at, every dependence may be placed upon the officers of both countries to maintain a conciliatory attitude." Meantime, it is of interest to note that the British North American Squadron has arrived at Halifax.

Hyde Park being in a measure the safety-valve of London, it is essential that the right of the democracy to hold public meetings therein should not be curtailed. Equally necessary is it, in the interests of the community generally, that large processions to the Park should be controlled and directed with a firm hand. Mr. Monro, as Chief Commissioner of Police, acted, accordingly, within his rights, and quite discreetly, in deciding the line of route that would be most convenient for the great procession to Hyde Park on the Seventh of June to protest against what Mr. Gladstone has epigrammatically designated as the proposed "endowment of public-houses"—though why publicans should not be compensated if deprived of their means of livelihood passes the comprehension of an impartial observer. Yet some few hon. members sought to "heckle" the Home Secretary on this subject, on the Third of June. They were calmly answered, however, by Mr. Matthews, who aptly called attention to the great public inconvenience caused by these periodical processions in London, and said the Chief Commissioner had his sanction for the prudent regulations he had made.

That Mr. Pickersgill, who bears a curious resemblance to Mr. Sims Reeves, should have moved the adjournment of the House to inveigh against the common-sense action of the Chief Commissioner of Police was not surprising. But the good round majority of 110 clearly showed that the majority of the House quite approved the sensible course adopted by the Home Secretary and Mr. Monro.

The motion that the House should adjourn for the Derby Day was made in lively, entertaining fashion by Lord Elcho, whose bright fresh style and neat points told admirably. Sir Wilfrid Lawson also may be credited with a palpable hit in quoting Lord Beaconsfield's statement that "The Turf has developed into an institution of national demoralisation," and in using this as an argument against the motion. For once Mr. Labouchere was found disagreeing with the hon. Baronet. The senior member for Northampton justified the Derby holiday on the score that it afforded thousands the opportunity of enjoying themselves on the breezy downs of Epsom (whose health-giving air, it may be remarked, is not appreciated as it should be by the London public on non-racing days). In the end, Lord Elcho's motion for adjournment was carried, but only by the small majority of twenty-seven. The division over, the House went into Committee of Supply on the Education Estimates, for which the sum of £2,182,224 was asked; and Sir W. Hart-Dyke distinguished himself by his clear exposition of the new Code.

THE NEW LIBERAL CLUB, HAMPSTEAD.

This building, opened by the Marquis of Ripon on Saturday, June 7, stands in New Heath-street, at the corner of Oriel-place, amid the recent architectural improvements which have given a stately modern and urban character to the main street of Hampstead. It contains a good reading-room, a public room, and secretary's office, on the ground floor; a smoking-room, refreshment-room, and committee-room, on the first floor; bagatelle and card-rooms, kitchen, and caretaker's rooms above, with lavatories and all that is useful. The exterior, of red brick with stone dressings, is shown in our illustration. The architects are Messrs. Spalding and Cross, 15, Queen-street, Cheapside.

Sir Arthur Havelock, the new Governor of Ceylon, was sworn in at Colombo on May 28.

Mr. James Dalton has been returned unopposed as member for West Donegal, in the place of Mr. O'Hea.

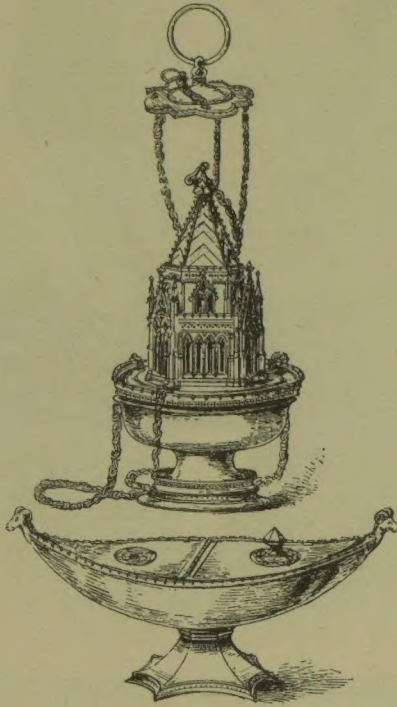
The Duchess of Albany, on Saturday, May 31, distributed the prizes to the children who had competed under the Oxford Prize Needlework scheme; and on June 2 the Duchess distributed the certificates granted by the Oxford Corps of the St. John's Ambulance Association in the Corn Exchange, Oxford.

Mr. W. J. M. Stearkie has been elected a Classical Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, the next competitor, Mr. R. M. King, M.A., obtaining the Madden Prize. Mr. Stearkie, who was educated at Kingstown and Shrewsbury Schools, and at Cambridge and Dublin Universities, is the only Catholic Fellow in Trinity College, which since the death of Dr. Maguire had all its Fellowships held by non-Catholics.

Epsom Summer Meeting opened with the Craven Stakes, which was carried off by Mr. N. Fenwick's Labyrinth filly. Mr. J. Charlton's Jack o' Lantern won the Egmont Plate, Colonel North's Nitrate Queen the Ranmore Two-Year-Old Plate, the same owner's Idlesleigh the Epsom Plate, Mr. D. S. Cooper's Melody the Woodcote Stakes, Sir J. Miller's Taxus the Ashstead Plate, and Mr. R. S. Evans's Rotten Row the Norbury Stakes.—The Derby Day was showery. Mr. A. W. Merry's Surefoot did not prove the winner after all, although the odds were 85 to 40 on the Two Thousand victor. The second favourite, Sir James Miller's Sainfoin, the chestnut colt by Springfield—Sanda, won the Derby; with Le Nord second, and Orwell third.

OLD ENGLISH CHURCH SILVER.

The two pieces of old English silver plate, represented by our illustrations, were part of the collection of the late Mr. William Wells, sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods on Tuesday, June 3. They were found in the draining of



CURIOUS PIECES OF OLD ENGLISH SILVER FOUND IN WHITTLESEA MERE.

Whittlesea Mere, and are supposed to have belonged to Ramsey Abbey, and to have been hidden at the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. One is a censer or thurible, of the fourteenth century; the other, an incense-boat in the form of a ship: both have been described in treatises on the antiquities of art.

The anniversary dinner of the friends of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum is announced to be held at the Crystal Palace on June 11.

Mr. Henry Gray Croly, of Merrion-square, Dublin, has been elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland for the ensuing year. He succeeds Dr. Austin Meldon, who was also a candidate.

A meeting has been held at the Mansion House on behalf of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children in Goldsmiths'-row, Hackney-road. During the past year over five hundred children were treated as in-patients and over fourteen thousand five hundred as out-patients. The institution is suffering from want of funds, and the public is to be appealed to for the sum of £3000.

Princess Christian presided over a meeting, held at Lord Brassey's house in Park-lane, with the object of promoting the work of the Cyprus Society. It is intended to establish a Cottage Hospital at Kyrenia, and to send out lady nurses to train the native women in the duties of nursing. Lord Brassey testified to the urgent necessity for such philanthropic work as that contemplated, and on the motion of Sir F. Young a resolution was passed in support of the objects of the gathering. Her Royal Highness opened Mrs. Dalison's sale of Irish ladies' needlework at Bath House, Piccadilly, the residence of



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Mrs. H. A. Brassey. There was a large display of plain and ornamental needlework, the materials for which were sent to the distressed ladies to be made up. Princess Christian has become the patroness of "The Homestead" of the Windsor and Eton Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, and has sent a donation to the society.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, opened "Ye Columbia Mart," at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, on June 3. One of the stall-holders is Baroness Burdett-Connors, who founded the See of Columbia in 1859. The proceeds will be given to the Bishop Hills Clergy Endowment Fund, Vancouver, British Columbia. The third annual industrial exhibition of the Recreative Evening Schools Association was opened at the Portman Rooms by the Marchioness.

THE LATE DR. LEONARD SCHMITZ.

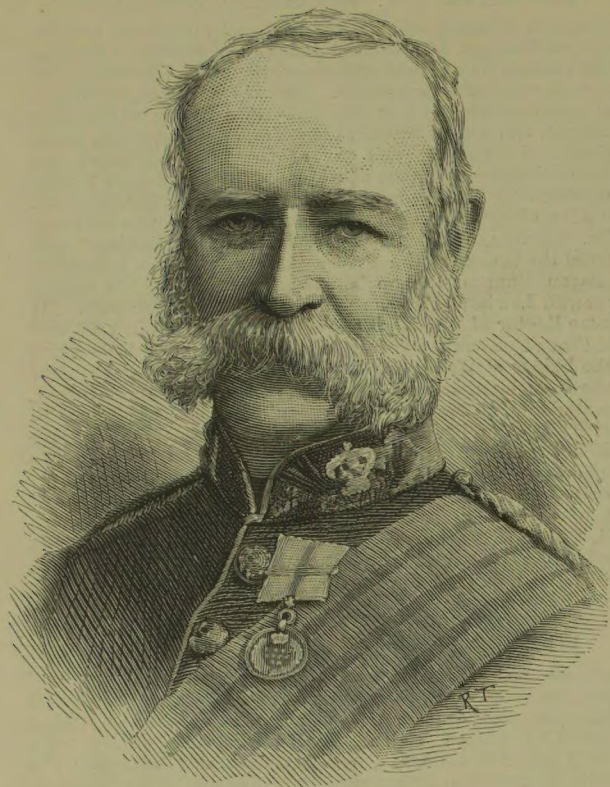
An eminent classical scholar, teacher, and author of learned historical treatises, Dr. Leonard Schmitz, sometime Principal of the Spring Grove International College at Isleworth, has died, at the age of eighty-three. He was a native of Eupen, near Aix-la-Chapelle, lost his right arm by an accident in childhood, and was educated at the University of Bonn, under Niebuhr, of whom he was one of the most proficient and faithful disciples, and part of whose lectures on Roman history were edited by Dr. Schmitz, in 1844, after Niebuhr's death. The King of Prussia's gold medal for literature was awarded to Dr. Schmitz, who had settled, however, in England, and enjoyed the favour of the Prince Consort, and the friendship of Baron Bunsen, Bishop Thirlwall, Mr. Grote, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and other scholars of kindred pursuits. He became Rector of the High School of Edinburgh in 1846, and held that office twenty years; he also gave special instruction to the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the sons of the French Orleans Princes. Histories of Rome and Greece, for students, a Manual of Ancient History, a Manual of Ancient Geography, and a Treatise on the History of the Middle Ages were his principal works; but he was also the founder and editor of the "Classical Museum," and a large contributor to Dr. William Smith's "Classical Dictionary," and to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." After retiring, in 1874, from the headship of the College at Isleworth, he was appointed Classical Examiner to the University of London, but has of late been disabled by ill-health.

THE LATE MR. LEWIS FILMORE.

One of the last surviving members of that able editorial staff which the *Times* had in its service under Mowbray Morris and Delane has passed from this world, after a long retirement enforced by broken health. Lewis Filmore, a quarter of a century ago, was esteemed, by the few then cognisant of the interior literary management of great London daily journals, a sagacious, accomplished, and widely informed writer on various topics of political and social importance. He was also, from early youth, a remarkable example of the loving study and incessant exercise of purely imaginative literature, being gifted with the finest taste, the soundest critical judgment, and original powers, in no slight degree, of dramatic humour and creative fancy. That he has left no works likely to be remembered with his name is owing to the personal temperament of a devotee of refined scholarship absolutely indifferent to worldly fame, pursuing "the true, the good, and the beautiful" in poetry, and in the high delights of thought and sentiment, for their own sake. No man who read and wrote so incessantly could be more devoid of literary vanity, or care less for the ordinary external rewards of successful authorship. This disposition, far from being the excuse for indolence, was rather confirmed, during many years, by the abundant occupation of his active mind in anonymous contributions to the Press.

Lewis Filmore was born in London, Nov. 8, 1815, son of Captain Abraham Filmore, R.N., a distinguished naval officer, who commanded merchant-ships after the French War; his maternal grandfather also was a sailor, notable for his feats of navigation in command of the East India Company's ships. The family was residing at Plymouth when Lewis Filmore, in his boyhood, lost his father, and he then became a reporter for an Exeter newspaper, and for the *Devonport Independent*; but, teaching himself Latin, French, and German, produced, before he was twenty years of age, the best verse translation of Goethe's "Faust" that had been made. It is still unsurpassed, we think, in the full comprehension and true expression of subtle meanings, though others have more exactly imitated the metrical forms. He came to London as reporter for the *Sun*, Murdo Young's evening paper, but was soon engaged by the *Times* for the Parliamentary gallery, in which he passed some years. In the earliest years of the *Illustrated London News* he was a constant and valued contributor to our pages. In 1848, on the outbreak of the French Revolution, the sudden death of the *Times*' Paris correspondent occasioned an emergency; and Filmore was instantly sent to hold that post, from which he was transferred, for his knowledge of German, to the scene of war in Schleswig-Holstein, and was present at the battle of Idstedt. He was afterwards on board H.M.S. *Archer* in a watching cruise of the British naval squadron up the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland to Memel and Cronstadt. About the beginning of 1852 he was sent as the *Times*' special correspondent to Australia, where he sojourned a year and a half, describing and commenting on the extraordinary changes in Melbourne and Sydney caused by the discovery of the gold-fields. Returning to Europe, he attended the Berlin diplomatic Conferences previous to the Russian War, and was employed during three years as political correspondent of the *Times* at Berlin, Vienna, and other German capitals. He was next appointed special correspondent in the United States towards the close of President Millard Fillmore's administration, several years before the American Civil War, and gained much acquaintance with the affairs both of the Northern and Southern States, and of Canada. With all these experiences, aided by historical studies, Filmore was amply qualified for the assistant editorship of the *Times*, under Delane and Dament, the laborious work of which he performed until 1867. He wrote many of the leading articles on the Civil War in the United States, on the Polish insurrection of 1863, on the war between Germany and Denmark, the dispute between Prussia and Austria, and the break-up of the German Confederation, besides treating of economic, commercial, and industrial questions, railways, and finance. His attachment to the *belles lettres* did not abate; many graceful versions of poetry from Goethe, Schiller, Bürger, Heine, and Freiligrath were turned off by his pen; and in February 1863, an original dramatic work, a poetical or romantic comedy, entitled "The Winning Suit," in blank verse, was brought out at the Princess's Theatre. It won the approval of all the critics, and drew large audiences nightly for about two weeks, till an engagement previously made by the manager compelled it to be reluctantly withdrawn. Miss Amy Sedgwick took the part of Princess Orelia; the principal scene was illustrated by a page engraving in this Journal.

Mr. Filmore's brain, in 1867, suffering from overwork daily and nightly, like two or three of his eminent colleagues in the *Times* office at a later period, was in a condition unfit to bear the stress of his regular service. He retired on a small pension, sought repose in Italy that year and the next, and had since dwelt quietly at West Kensington; but he had long been afflicted with extreme deafness, and last winter also with total blindness, from cataract, which was entirely removed by an operation. His strong mental faculties were never so impaired as to prevent his enjoyment of the pleasures of literature, while debarred from social intercourse. On Tuesday, May 27, he died of bronchitis, after a week's illness. Mr. Filmore married, in 1859, Theodosia, only child of the late Mr. H. F. Clare, of Copthorne, East Grinstead. He has left sons and daughters. His elder son is Captain H. C. Filmore, of the 2nd Battalion "Black Watch" Regiment (the Royal Highlanders), now stationed at Belfast.



THE LATE GENERAL WEMYSS.



THE LATE MR. LEWIS FILMORE.



THE LATE DR. LEONARD SCHMITZ.

OLD ENGLISH MINIATURES.

The valuable collection of miniature portraits, and other works of art, belonging to Mr. Edward Joseph, offered for sale by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on Tuesday, June 10, and three following days, comprises some of the most interesting works of Richard Cosway, R.A., the most elegant miniature painter of the last century. He was born in 1741, at Tiverton, in Devonshire, gained high fashionable celebrity in London, married a lady of great talents, accomplishments, and personal charms, also an artist, and died in 1821. We are permitted by Mr. Joseph to copy several of the many portraits, mostly on ivory, in this collection; those of the Marchioness of Salisbury, Mrs. Siddons, the great tragic actress, and Miss Harriet Mellon, the actress who, in 1815, married old Mr. Coutts, the banker, was left a widow in 1822, with a million of money, afterwards married the Duke of St. Albans, and finally bequeathed her riches to Miss Angela Burdett, the granddaughter of Mr. Coutts, now Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The group of three young ladies, the Hon. Ann, Harriet, and Elizabeth Rushout, daughters of the first Lord Northwick, was painted by Andrew

DAUGHTERS OF THE FIRST LORD NORTHWICK.
PAINTED BY ANDREW PLIMER.

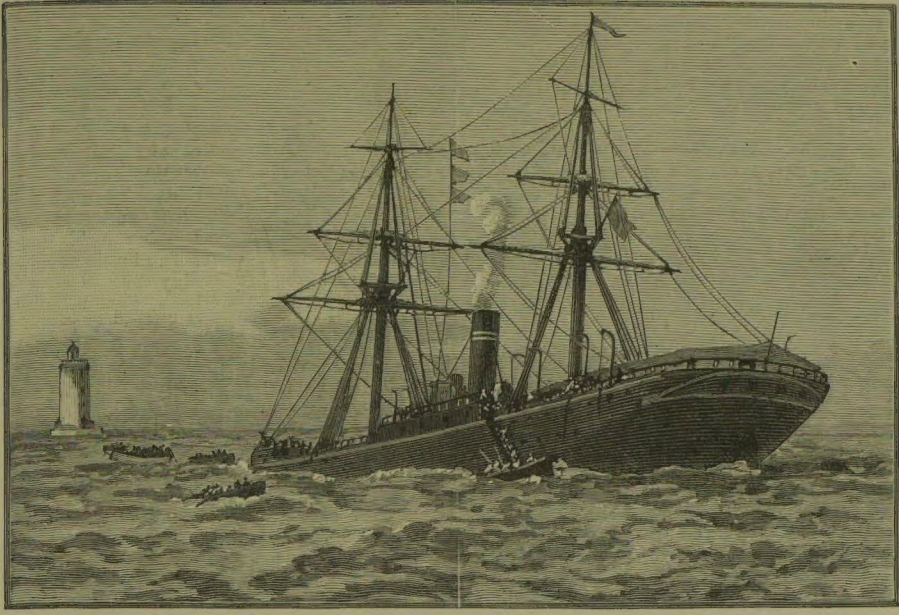
Plimer, a contemporary of Cosway. Among the other articles in the sale are the curious pieces of old silver which were a "treasure trove" in the draining of Whittlesea Mere.

THE LATE GEN. WEMYSS.

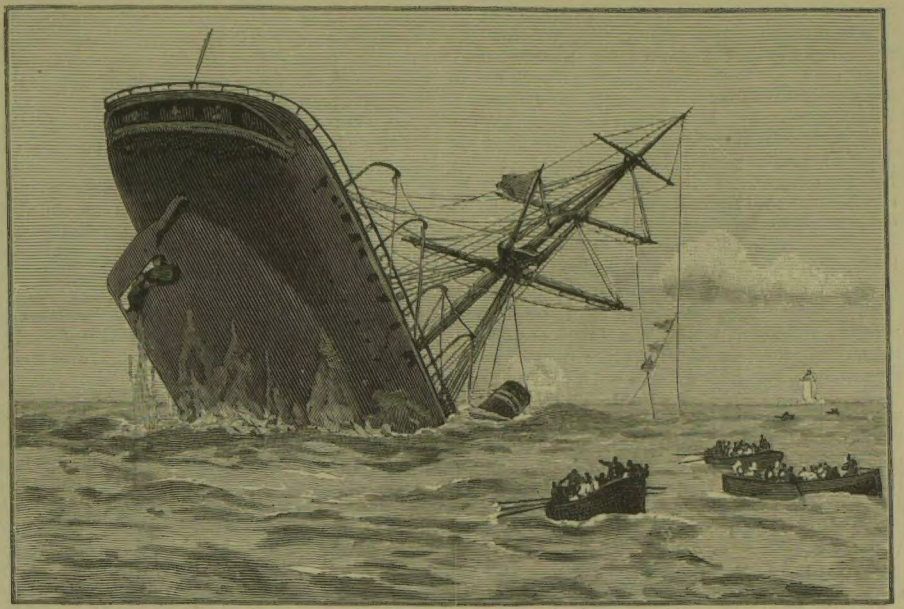
This veteran officer of Indian military service, who recently died at Guildford, was General William Binfield Wemyss, born in 1810, son of Mr. James Wemyss, of the Bengal Civil Service, and grandson of the Hon. James Wemyss and Lady Elizabeth Sutherland; he was also great-grandson of the fourth Earl of Wemyss. Entering the Bengal Army in 1826, he was Colonel of a regiment of Light Cavalry thirty years later, and was appointed, after the Sepoy war, to organise a European regiment in India, which eventually became the 18th Hussars. Having attained the rank of General, he was in 1880 placed on the retired list.

The marriage of Captain Fowler, 85th Regiment, A.D.C., eldest son of Mr. Fowler of Rahinston, in the county of Meath, and Miss Mabel Glyn, daughter of the late Hon. St. Leger Glyn, took place on June 2. The bride was given away by her uncle, Major-General Albert Williams, R.A.

MRS. SIDDONS, ACTRESS.
PAINTED BY COSWAY.MISS HARRIET MELLON, ACTRESS,
AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.
PAINTED BY COSWAY.MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.
PAINTED BY COSWAY.

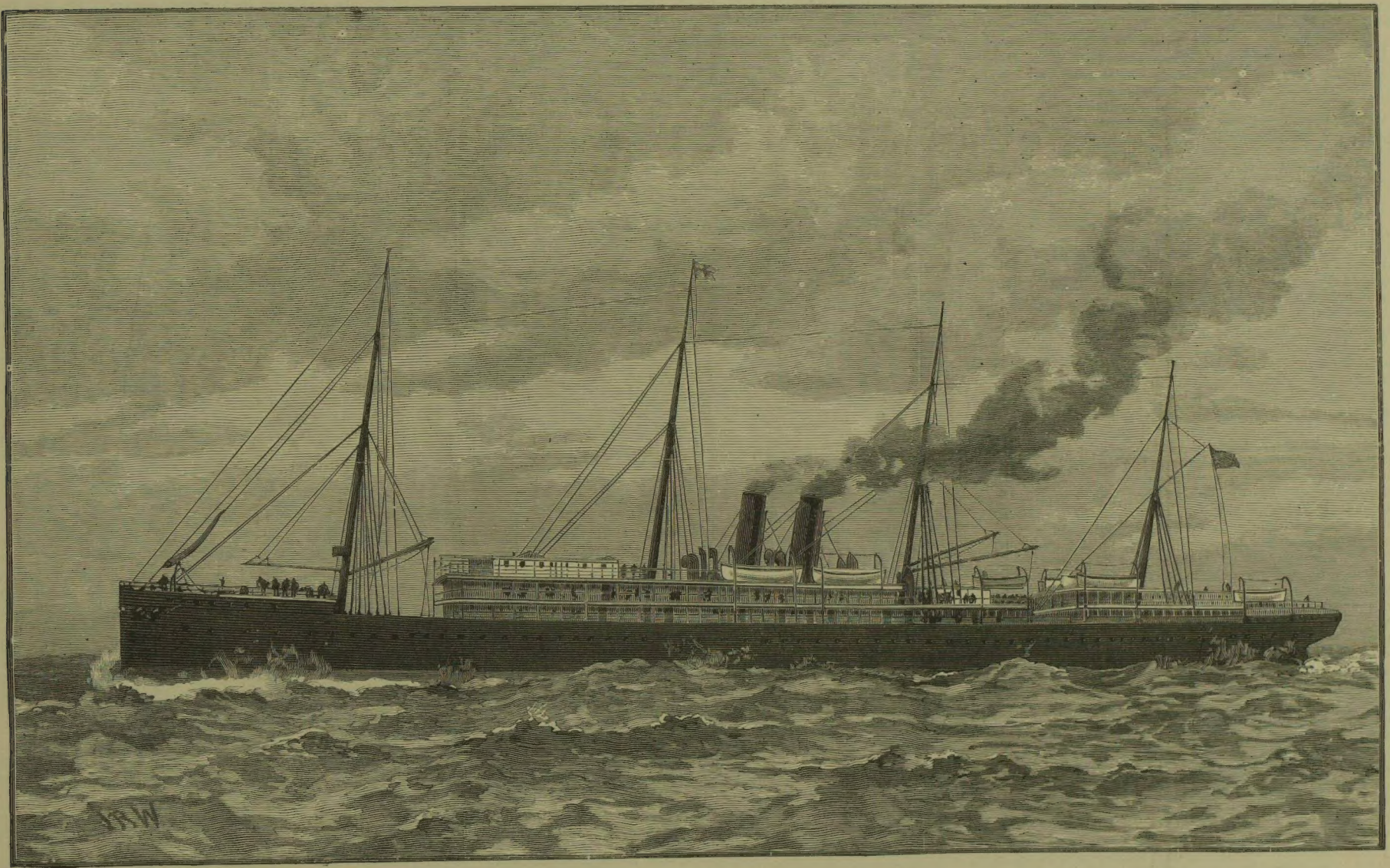


AN HOUR AFTER SHE STRUCK.

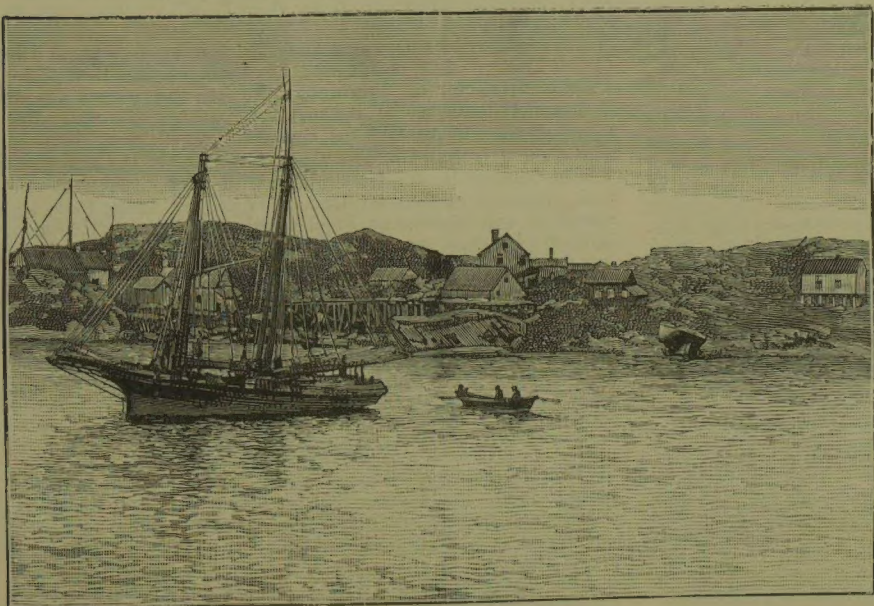


GOING DOWN, TWO MILES FROM THE DÆDALUS LIGHT.

WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP DACCA IN THE RED SEA.



THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S SHIP OROTAVA.



BURGEO, BETWEEN THE FRENCH SETTLEMENT AND CAPE RAY.



WHARF AT ST. GEORGE'S BAY.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY DISPUTE.

FOREIGN NEWS.

President Carnot has returned to the Elysée, after his journey through some of the Southern and Eastern Departments. The President has signed the pardon of the Duc d'Orléans.—At the Chantilly Meeting, on June 1, Baron De Rothschild won the Prix de Jockey Club (French Derby) with Heaume, M. P. Aumont's Mirabeau being second, and Baron A. de Schickler's Fitzroya third. M. Ephrussi's Dauphin won the Prix de Dangu, Mr. H. Hawes's Le Negus the Prix de Gouvieux, and M. Ede La Charme's Dedette the Prix des Etangs.—Lord Lytton entertained the English delegates to the Telegraph Conference to luncheon on the 2nd.—Mr. Matt Morgan, the cartoonist, died at New York on the 2nd.—A large party of Russian Nihilists, including persons of both sexes, who have been engaged in the manufacture of dynamite bombs, contrary to the law of France, have been arrested.

The Italian Chamber have, by three hundred and twenty-nine to sixty-one, passed a vote of confidence in the Government. Signor Crispi, during the debate, said that Italy was on the most cordial relations with all the European Powers.

The Swiss Federal Assembly was opened on June 2. Both Houses immediately proceeded with the election of officers. M. Suter, Liberal, of St. Gallen, the former Vice-President, was elected President of the National Council; and M. Müller, Radical, of Berne, Vice-President. In the State Council, M. Muheim, Conservative, of Uri, the former Vice-President, was elected President; and M. Haberstich, Radical, of Aargau, Vice-President.

It has been officially announced that the Emperor William continues to make most satisfactory progress towards recovery from the effects of his recent accident. The Emperor drove out on June 1, accompanied by the Empress. In the evening their Majesties entertained to dinner Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duchess Frederic Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein, accompanied by their suites.—Prince and Princess Henry arrived at Potsdam on June 1 from England, and they are at present staying with the German Emperor and Empress in the New Palace at that place.—At the baptism of the infant daughter of Prince Leopold of Prussia, brother of the Duchess of Connaught, in Berlin on the 4th, Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick and her daughters, as well as the German Emperor and Empress, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, were among the sponsors represented by deputy.—May 31 being the 150th anniversary of Frederick the Great's accession to the throne, the day was held as a festival by the Berlin and Potsdam garrisons, by order of Kaiser Wilhelm. By Imperial injunctions, also, the vault of the great deceased was illuminated and decorated with flowers, and a special sentry stood the whole day before his statue.

The Hungarian Lower House, after seven days' tumultuous debates, has rejected, by a majority of two hundred and nineteen votes against eighty, the Bill which had been introduced by the Extreme Left for the reform of the Law of Settlement, with the object of re-establishing the rights of Kossuth as a citizen of Hungary.

The Czar's new yacht, Polar Star, was launched on June 1 in presence of the Italian Crown Prince. She is capable of attaining a speed of twenty-one knots an hour, and is fitted for employment, if necessary, in war time as a cruiser or torpedo-catcher. At present, however, she is designed for the use of the Imperial family as a pleasure yacht. She is equipped with all modern appliances.

Judgment has been given by the Sofia court-martial. Major Panitza was condemned to be shot for conspiring against the lives of the Prince and his Ministers and planning the overthrow of the Government. He was, however, recommended to mercy. Such of his accomplices as were convicted were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from nine years to five months, and six were acquitted.—Sofia was visited on May 31 by a violent hailstorm, which caused much destruction in the northern portion of the city. Two soldiers were killed, and eleven others injured.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were received with much enthusiasm at Montreal on June 2, and were formally welcomed to the city by the municipal authorities.

THE DISPUTE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

False alarming reports of an expected conflict between the French and British naval authorities on the west coast of Newfoundland, and the dispatch of British ships and troops from Halifax, Nova Scotia, were published on Monday, June 2, and were contradicted by our Ministers in Parliament that day. The French, who own the small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, adjacent to the south coast of Newfoundland, have, by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, the Treaty of Paris, 1763, the Treaty of Versailles, 1783, and the Treaties of 1814 and 1815, a right to catch fish, and to erect huts and scaffolds, or stages, for drying fish on shore, along nearly half the seacoast of Newfoundland. They exercise this right chiefly towards the south-western extremity of the mainland, from Cape Ray to Burgeo and St. George's Bay, for the purpose of procuring herring, capelin, and squids, of little value, to be used as bait in the cod fishery, which is carried on far in the Atlantic, beyond the limits of British maritime sovereignty. The actual dispute is only between the French fishermen and certain English colonists who have recently started a local company for catching and potting lobsters on that shore. We are indebted to the Rev. Henry D. Nicholson for Sketches of the places mentioned.

Lord De Tabley has again returned 10 per cent. to the tenants on his Cheshire property, at the half-yearly rent audit, just held.

The Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A., delivers the course of the Merchants' Lectures this year, the general subject being—"Some Aspects of the Religion of To-Day." The course, which is open to the public, began on June 3, with a lecture on "Agnosticism; or, Religion Without Faith."

The Americans in London on May 30 entertained Mr. Stanley and his chief officers—Lieutenant Stairs, Surgeon Parke, Captain Nelson, and Mr. Jephson—to a dinner, in the Portman Rooms, Dorset-street, Portman-square, when the Hon. J. C. New, American Consul-General, occupied the chair. There were upwards of 350 guests present. Mr. Stanley was presented with a silver shield, and silver medallions were given to his four chief officers.—On June 2 Mr. Stanley was presented with the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company, and afterwards dined with the members of the Guild and a number of invited guests at the hall. The freedom-scroll was handed to him in an elaborately wrought casket of gold, the presentation ceremony taking place in the reception-room, before the arrival of the guests.

THE STEAMSHIP OROTAVA.

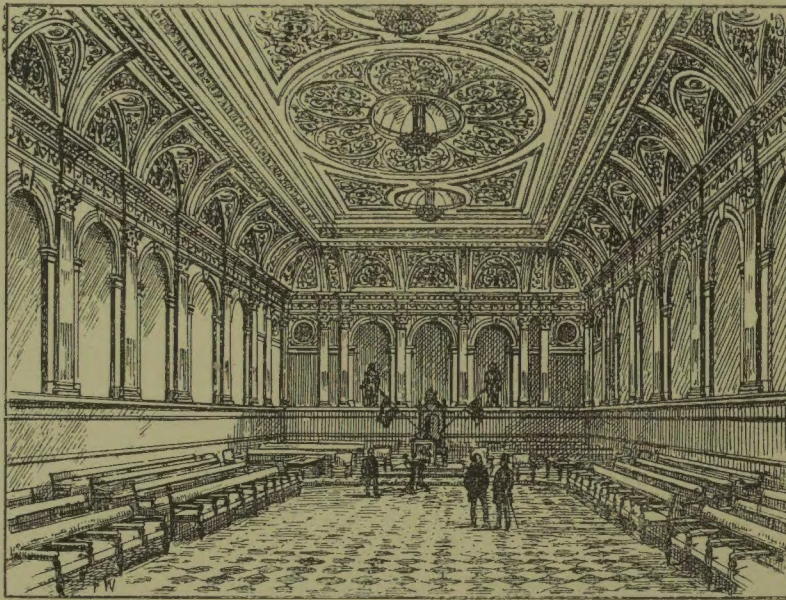
The Pacific Steam Navigation Company, associated with the Orient Line to Australia, has contributed to that service two fine new sister-ships, the Orotava and the Oruba; and the first-named ship, commanded by Captain G. N. Conlan, sailed from the Port of London (Tilbury Dock) on June 6. These ships, built by the Naval Construction Company, at Barrow, are each of 5552 tons register, 450 ft. long, 49 ft. beam, and 37 ft. deep, with engines of 7000-horse power. Accommodation is provided for about 230 saloon passengers (first and second class), and for a large number of third class passengers. The Orotava has music and smoke rooms on the promenade deck, is fitted throughout with the electric light and electric bells, and is provided with every convenience.

THE WRECK OF THE DACCA.

An account of this disaster, with a Sketch of the Dædalus Reef Lighthouse in the Red Sea, has appeared in our Journal. The British India Steamship Company's ship Dacca, bound for Queensland, Australia, on the morning of May 16 struck on the reef, and sank after four hours. Not one life was lost of crew and passengers, numbering in all 554, of whom 220 were female emigrants, but they saved nothing; many of the women and girls, suddenly roused from their berths, had no clothing but their night-dresses. Under the direction of Captain Stuart and the ship's officers, the boats conveyed all to the lighthouse rock. In the course of the day they were taken on board the steamer Rosario, and were kindly treated; at five in the evening they were transferred to the British India Steamship Company's ship Palamcottah, which brought them to Suez. Clothing and other necessities have been sent out for their relief, previously to resuming their voyage from Suez in another ship of the same company. Our Illustrations, showing how the Dacca was wrecked and sank, are from sketches by Mr. J. H. P. Berthon, on board the Palamcottah.

THE NEW HALL OF THE GRAND LODGE OF FREEMASONS.

The Great Hall, or Throne Room, for the Mark Degree of Master Masons of England and Wales, adjacent to Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, was reopened by a meeting of the Grand Lodge on Tuesday, June 3. This stately apartment has been renovated, with much skill and taste, by the Honorary Architects, Brother Robert Berridge, Associate Member of the



THE NEW GREAT HALL OF THE GRAND LODGE OF FREEMASONS.

Institute of Civil Engineers, and Brother Charles H. Driver, Fellow of the Royal Institution of British Architects, who are Past Grand Masters of the Order. Besides the Great Hall, there are five Lodge Rooms, with accommodation for Masonic Lodges, Chapters, Conclaves, and Councils of every degree. The meetings of Grand Lodge are henceforth to be quarterly, instead of half-yearly.

MARRIAGES.

St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street, was filled to overflowing on June 3, on the occasion of the marriage of Count Alexander Münster, son of Count Münster, German Ambassador in Paris, with Lady Muriel Henrietta Constance Hay, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Kinnoull. The bridegroom wore the splendid white-and-gold uniform of the Garde du Corps of the Emperor. His best man was Prince Hans Heinrich Pless. The six bridesmaids were—Lady Mildred Denison, Lady Dorothea Stewart Murray, Hon. Marie Hay, Hon. Marjory Murray, Miss Rosalind Lovell, and Miss Gladys Hadow (niece of the bride). The bride's train was held by her two little nephews, Masters Roland and Patrick Hadow.

In St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, was solemnised, on the 3rd, the marriage of Mr. H. W. Forster of Exbury Hall, Southampton, and The Hall, Southend, Kent, with the Hon. Rachel Scott Montagu, only daughter of Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu. A large circle of relations and friends were present. The eight bridesmaids were Lady Constance Scott, Lady Margaret Kerr, Lady Alice Osborne, Miss Margaret Ryder, Miss Winifred Drummond, Miss Helen Lindsay, Miss Katherine Trefusis, and Miss Beatrice Stuart-Wortley. Mr. Eustace Forster, brother of the bridegroom, attended as best man.

The marriage of Lord Brabourne, of Smeeth Paddocks, Kent, to Miss Ethel Mary Walker, third daughter of Colonel Walker of Crawfordton, was celebrated in the private chapel at Maxwellton House, Dumfriesshire, on the 3rd. The bride was given away by her father. There were five bridesmaids—Miss Walker, Miss Mabel Walker, Miss Ellen Walker, and Miss Maud Walker, sisters of the bride, and Miss Young, Lincluden, Troqueur.

On the 3rd, the marriage of Mr. Ballard Smith and Miss Butterfield, both of New York, was celebrated in the Savoy. The bride was given away by the Hon. Robert Lincoln, the American Minister. The best man was Major Post, Military Attaché to the United States Legation.

The Bishop of St. Albans Fund, formed for the development and assistance of church work in the diocese of St. Albans, having closed its accounts for 1889 with a deficit of £2244, "A friend, by the Archdeacon of Essex," has forwarded a cheque for the whole amount.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF MILLTOWN, K.P.

The Right Hon. Edward Nugent Leeson, sixth Earl of Milltown, Viscount and Baron Russborough, K.P., a Representative Peer for Ireland, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Wicklow, died suddenly at Russborough, near Blesington, on May 30. He was born Oct. 9, 1835, the second son of Joseph, fourth Earl of Milltown, K.P., by Barbara Lady Castlecoote, his wife, second daughter of Sir Joshua Colles Meredyth, Bart., and succeeded to the family honours at the decease of his brother, the fifth Earl, April 8, 1871. In the following October he married Lady Geraldine Evelyn Stanhope, second daughter and coheir of the fifth Earl of Harrington, but had no issue. The title devolves, consequently, on his only surviving brother, the Hon. Henry Leeson, for several years Chamberlain at the Court of Dublin, born Jan. 22, 1837, now seventh Earl of Milltown. The nobleman whose death we record was educated at Trinity College, Dublin (of which University he was B.A.), and was called to the English Bar by the Inner Temple in 1862. Possessed of considerable ability, his Lordship took a prominent part in the debates of the House of Lords. Only a few months since he was created a Knight of St. Patrick.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PEARSON, C.B.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Lyons Otway Pearson, C.B., Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, died on May 30 at his residence in Warwick-square. He was born in 1831, the son of Mr. Henry Shepherd Pearson, and was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. He entered the Army, and served during the Crimean War, at the Alma and Inkerman, Kertch and Sebastopol. He had the medal with three clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, and the fifth class of the Medjidieh. In 1864 he retired with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and in 1887 was created C.B. His appointment as Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police dated from 1881. Colonel Pearson married, in 1856, Laura Elizabeth Frederica, eldest daughter of Colonel William Markham of Cufforth Hall, Yorkshire.

MAJOR H. T. G. FITZGERALD.

Major Henry Thomas George FitzGerald, late of Maperton House, Somerset, J.P., died at Hardwick House, Richmond, Surrey, on May 25. He was born March 5, 1820, the only son of Colonel Thomas George FitzGerald of Turlough Park, county Mayo, and Maperton House, Somerset, by Elizabeth, his second wife, daughter of Dr. Crowther of Boldshay Hall, Yorkshire, and was grandson of Colonel Charles Lionel FitzGerald of Turlough Park, whose elder brother, George Robert FitzGerald, acted so notorious a part in society during the last century. Major FitzGerald was formerly Lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, and afterwards Major in the 1st West York Rifles. He married, May 23, 1839, Elizabeth Harriott, eldest daughter of Rev. Samuel Wildman Yates, and leaves three sons and two daughters, the younger married to Sir Richard G. Glyn, Bart.

We have also to record the deaths of—

General Frederic Brine, late Royal Engineers, on May 30, aged sixty.

Mr. William Braham, Deputy Alderman of Cripplegate Within, and a leading member of the Corporation of London, on May 28, aged sixty-eight.

Mr. Frederick Locke of Hartlip, Sittingbourne, Kent, J.P. and D.L., on May 24, aged fifty-one. He was fifth son of the late Mr. Frederick Luck of Blackheath, by Jane Lee, his wife, daughter and heiress of Mr. Michael Locke of Brompton, Kent, and assumed, in 1875, the surname of Locke instead of Luck. He married, in 1862, Harriott Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Mr. Richard Goord of Hartlip, and leaves issue.

Mr. Hugh Francis Ramsay, second son of the late Sir Alexander Ramsay, third Baronet, of Balmain, M.P., on May 22, at Hankow, China, aged fifty.

The Ven. John Gibbs, Archdeacon of Downe, at his residence at Hillsborough, on May 30. He had held the Archdeaconry over twenty years.

Sir George Burns, at Wemyss Bay House, Renfrewshire, on June 2, in his ninety-fifth year. Deceased was one of the founders of the Cunard Line, his son being at present chairman of the company.

General the Hon. Arthur Charles Legge, uncle of the Earl of Dartmouth, and the last survivor of the family of George, third Earl of Dartmouth, K.G., at Caynton, his residence at Shifnal, Salop, in his ninetieth year.

Matilda Frances, Dowager Lady Milman, on May 24, at The Croft, Tenby. She was eldest daughter of the Rev. John Pretymann, Rector of Sherington, Bucks, and widow of Sir William Milman, third Baronet, of Levaton, Devon. Her eldest son is the present Sir Francis John Milman, Bart.

Colonel George Howard-Vyse, eldest son of the late Lieutenant-General R. W. Howard-Vyse, of Stoke Place, Bucks, and grandson of General Richard Vyse, by Anne, his wife, daughter and heiress of Field-Marshal Sir George Howard, K.B., on May 29, aged seventy-seven. He was Colonel and late Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 2nd Life Guards.

Captain Hugh Broke Boscawen Leveson-Gower, formerly of the 80th and 65th Regiments, second son of the late Mr. John Leveson-Gower of Bill Hill, Berks, on May 25, aged fifty-three. He was of a junior branch of the noble house of Gower, his great-grandfather, Admiral Hon. John Leveson-Gower, who married the daughter of Admiral Hon. Edward Boscawen, having been the second son of the first Earl Gower.

The last stone of the spire of Ulm Cathedral—now the highest in the world—was laid on May 31, amid the ringing of bells and general rejoicing. The cathedral is 530 ft. high.

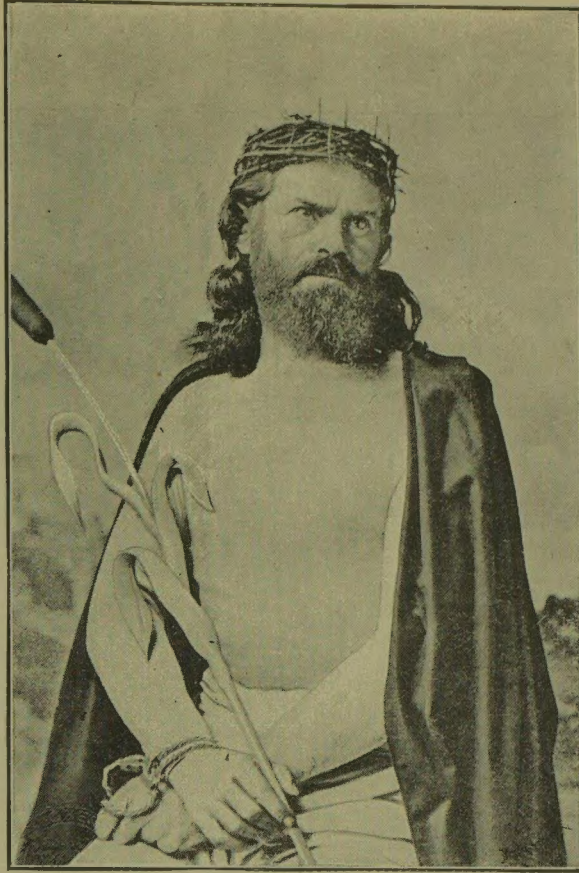
The tennis-match for £100 and the Championship of the World, between Pettitt of Boston and Saunders of London, was concluded on May 30, in the private court of Sir Edward Guinness, at Dublin, and resulted in a decisive victory for the American representative.

Two City officials have had their salaries raised—Dr. Collingridge, the Port of London Medical Officer, from £700 to £900 per annum; and Mr. Gannon, the Keeper of the Guildhall, from £350 to £550, which, with a residence, will in future be his emolument.

THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

The five or six thousand pilgrims, of all classes and all nationalities, crowded into the cottages of the Ober-Ammergau peasantry were awakened on Whit Monday, at five o'clock in the morning, by the firing of a gun on the hill-side. The hum of many voices told that the villagers were hastening to church before the great event of the day. It is necessary to call this preliminary service to mind, for only by fully comprehending the intense religious earnestness of the people can one adequately realise the wonderful success of the Passion Play. Every garden and meadow has its *Feld-Christ*, which tells of the sufferings and death of Jesus; every roadside, its *Gnaden-Kapelle*. And thus it is that during the performance the peasant spectators are bathed in tears—some of them sobbing as if their hearts would break; while that portion of the audience which occupies the more costly seats—English, Americans, and Germans for the most part—remains, certainly not unmoved, but comparatively unaffected by the terrible tragedy of which it is a witness. Long before eight the immense wooden structure is crowded with its 4000 ticket-holders, while at least 2000 will have to wait for to-morrow's performance. In front of us is a large stage open to the sky, behind is a smaller stage, before which hangs a curtain. On the right is the house of Annas, the high-priest; on the left, the house of Pilate. To this must be added—and it is an imposing feature throughout—a background of green hills and blue sky, the singing of birds, the sights and sounds of rural nature. Next to the stage is the orchestra, composed entirely of peasants, whom we had several times seen playing in the streets, and on Sunday in the church. Half the theatre—that part nearest the stage—is roofless; and this is occupied by the holders of cheap tickets, the practice of ordinary theatres being thus reversed. The ten-shilling, eight-shilling, and six-shilling seats are thus a long way from the stage; and those who wish to be disillusioned a little—those who would fain be sure that the hands of the Christus are not actually pierced by nails—will brave the discomforts of rain or sun, and select the exposed places near the orchestra.

But the booming once again of a cannon tells us that the play is about to begin. From the wings on either side a number of men and women, beautifully clothed in classic drapery, come forward and form a single file across the stage. The leader,



CHRISTUS (JOSEPH MAIER).

who was Maier's predecessor, could, no doubt, be so described. Maier looks the part of the suffering Jesus, but in the one scene in which acting is required we do not get it. Surely not even Jesus went through the agony of that bitter struggle in Gethsemane in a manner so passive as Maier exhibits. His life-long occupation of carving crucifixes has made Maier familiar with all aspects of physical suffering and resignation, but of the more complex emotions of spiritual torture he can know nothing. But in the later scenes, where resignation and endurance only are required, the part is perfectly portrayed. We see Him before the sympathetic Pilate and before the scoffing Herod; we witness the mockery of the soldiers and the crowning with thorns; we see Him again on the way to Golgotha, and finally on the cross. All is painfully, indescribably real. The crucifixion scene, at least, will remain among the imperishable memories of all who have witnessed it, and will serve to bring home to the least devout-minded, as nothing else could, some comprehension of the deeper meaning of the Christian faith. For five-and-twenty minutes Christ is upon the cross, the blood streaming from His forehead, hands, and feet, a soldier pierces His side, the last words are uttered, and life seems to be extinct. After some discussion, Joseph of Arimathea begs the body, and the disciples, with Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus, bear it away to burial. The next scene gives us the Resurrection, and the final scene—not the least powerful and effective in this year's performance—the Ascension.

If it be said that the much-praised performance of Joseph Maier is here and there a little inadequate, the same can hardly be said of any other leading actor. The next most difficult part to play is that of Judas, which Lechner filled so effectively. Johann Zwink, the new Judas, is, perhaps, equally successful. Now and again he is a trifle stogy, but on the whole the character of Judas, with its impulsive treachery, its greed and its remorse, are finely portrayed. The poorer and less educated part of the audience laugh once or twice at Judas, and nowhere else in the play. This has been thought to imply an adverse criticism on the actor, who is said at the rehearsal to have overdone his part. I conversed afterwards with some of the peasant audience, and I found that they laughed at the treachery of Judas to avoid weeping at the sufferings of Christ. Judas, it must be observed, is the second hero of the



JOHN (PETER RENDL).

scenes, are the little urchins to whom an hour before we have given a few pfennige to show us our way. What can it be but the principle of heredity which makes them act so well, and which produces in them the very embodiment of gracefulness!

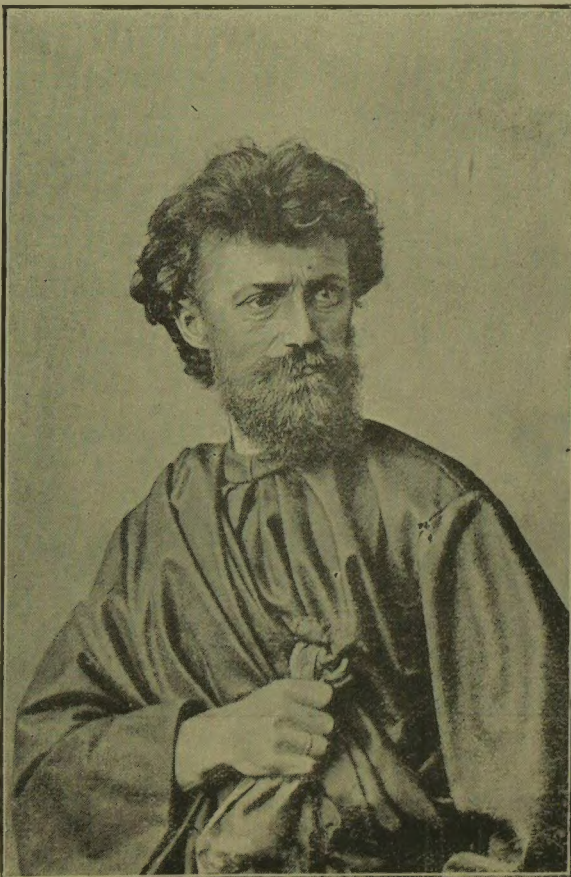
But we must leave this quite subsidiary part of the great drama, although it is one which would alone make Ober-Ammergau worth a visit during the present year, and turn to the great tragedy itself. It opens with the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, to the sound of rejoicing and singing of Hosannas. Men, women, and children crowd the busy thoroughfare, and in the centre, riding upon an ass, comes he who from the first moment to the last is the object of the devotest interest, the tenderest sympathy—the Christus of Joseph Maier. Across the inner stage and out into the open wends the procession, and everyone is held spellbound. And yet nothing is unfamiliar. It is as if a picture of one of the great masters had stepped from the canvas. This, indeed, it is which makes the thing so endurable—nay, fascinating. All the leading personages in the drama are clothed in the costumes with which the great Italian painters have familiarised us. At a glance one can tell that this is Peter, or John, or Judas, and so with the other characters.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate a play which has been made familiar by a thousand descriptions, every detail of which is so well known, and of which, indeed, the best textbook is the New Testament. It sufficeth to say that there are only two points in the tragedy at which we are awakened to the fact that we are in the nineteenth century, and not at the beginning of the Christian era. One is when Christ is driving the dealers out of the temple and overthrowing the tables of the money-changers, and the other when the Roman soldiers break the bones of the two thieves. There is nothing in Daisenberger's drama to lead up to the earlier scene, and so to impress one with the grandeur of Christ's protest against irreverence and greed. And with the thieves one somehow receives an impression of unreality. But of unreality elsewhere there is none. We see Christ in Bethany, in Gethsemane, before Annas and Caiaphas, before Pilate and Herod, and only in one scene could we conceive the great Teacher of Galilee otherwise than Maier has represented Him. Yet it is a mistake to speak of Maier as a great actor. Flunger,



MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS (ROSA LANG).

or "choragus," exhorts to a devout contemplation of the scenes to follow, and a recognition of the salvation of the world through Christ's sacrifice. Then the chorus divides in the middle and falls back on either side, while the curtain rises on the first of the many beautiful tableaux. Before each of the seventeen acts of the drama there are one or more of these tableaux, for the most part representing scenes from Hebrew history. The idea which it is sought to impress upon the audience is that all the great events of the Old Testament are but a prophecy and a forecasting of the events of the New. Thus, the falling of manna from heaven is typical of the bread and wine of the Last Supper; the rejection of Vashti and elevation of Esther by Ahasuerus is typical of the rejection, by the Almighty, of the Jews and the acceptance of the Gentiles. The slaying of Abel by his brother, the sacrifice of Isaac, and the affliction of Job are all meant to suggest obvious parallels in the life of Christ. None the less impressive are the songs in which the chorus elucidate the story. Doubtless there would be applause and even encores, were it not that the whole audience, educated and uneducated alike, are almost from the very first seized with the sense that they are assisting at the most impressive religious ceremony it was ever their lot to witness. The music is, for the most part, the composition of an Ober-Ammergau organist, one Johann Dedler, who lived at the beginning of the century, and there is but one opinion among the visitors here as to its remarkable attractiveness. And as for the tableaux! For the three or four minutes before the curtain drops one's eyes are completely absorbed in their contemplation. Now it is the fall of manna, now the rejection of Vashti, now the sale of Joseph into Egypt—in all alike the harmony of colour, the grouping of the figures, the every detail is perfect. It is not easy to believe that this "portion" of the *Passionsspiel* at least ever reached so splendid a point of art as in the present year. In the first place, there has been a much more lavish expenditure upon costumes and scenery than heretofore, and, in the second, the arrangements have been in the hands of Obermaschinenmeister Lautenschläger, the stage-manager of the Munich Court Theatre and Opera House. Yet when all this is said, it remains a wonderful thing that dresses and stage management can do so much with such material. Here among the children bearing palm branches, or taking some other part in the



JUDAS (JOHANN ZWINK).

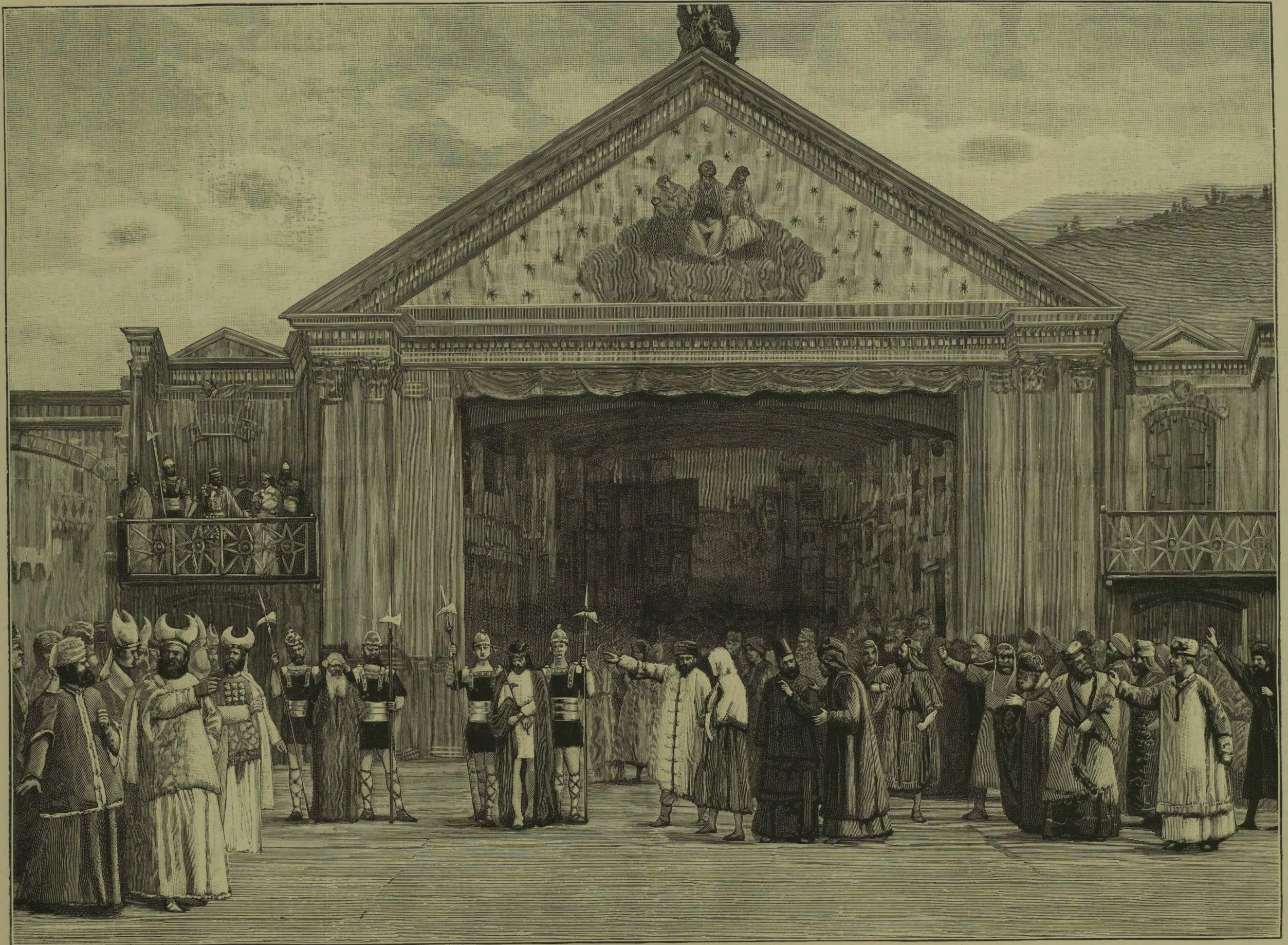
tragedy: he is to it what Satan is to the "Paradise Lost." Without him, moreover, there would be nothing to relieve the universal gloom; and so, to the Bavarian peasantry he takes the place which Lucifer and his attendant imps took in the earlier form of the *Passionsspiel*. The John of Peter Rendl, the Peter of Jacob Hett, the Pilate of Thomas Rendl, and the Caiaphas of Burgermeister Lang cannot be too highly praised. Excepting John, who is a good-looking youth of nineteen, all these men have taken the same parts in the last decade. But there is one performer in the play to which more unqualified praise can be given than to any other. It is Fräulein Rosa Lang, whose impersonation of the Virgin Mary was pronounced by common consent the triumph of the whole day's performance. We see the mother's joy and pride in her son, her sorrow at parting, her sympathy with Him in affliction, her supreme agony at the foot of the cross. Nowhere is there a word overcharged, strained, or affected. Never before has a woman borne away any of the honour pertaining to these Ammergau performances. The first place to-day, however, must be given to Rosa Lang.

Yet when, from the Christus himself to the veriest child in his train, there is so perfect and artistic a rendering of a great world-tragedy, it seems gratuitous to praise or blame. "The most wonderful thing I have ever seen" was the verdict of one of the visitors to the Passion Play of 1880. I am fully convinced that this judgment will be endorsed by ninety-nine out of every hundred visitors to the performance of the present year.

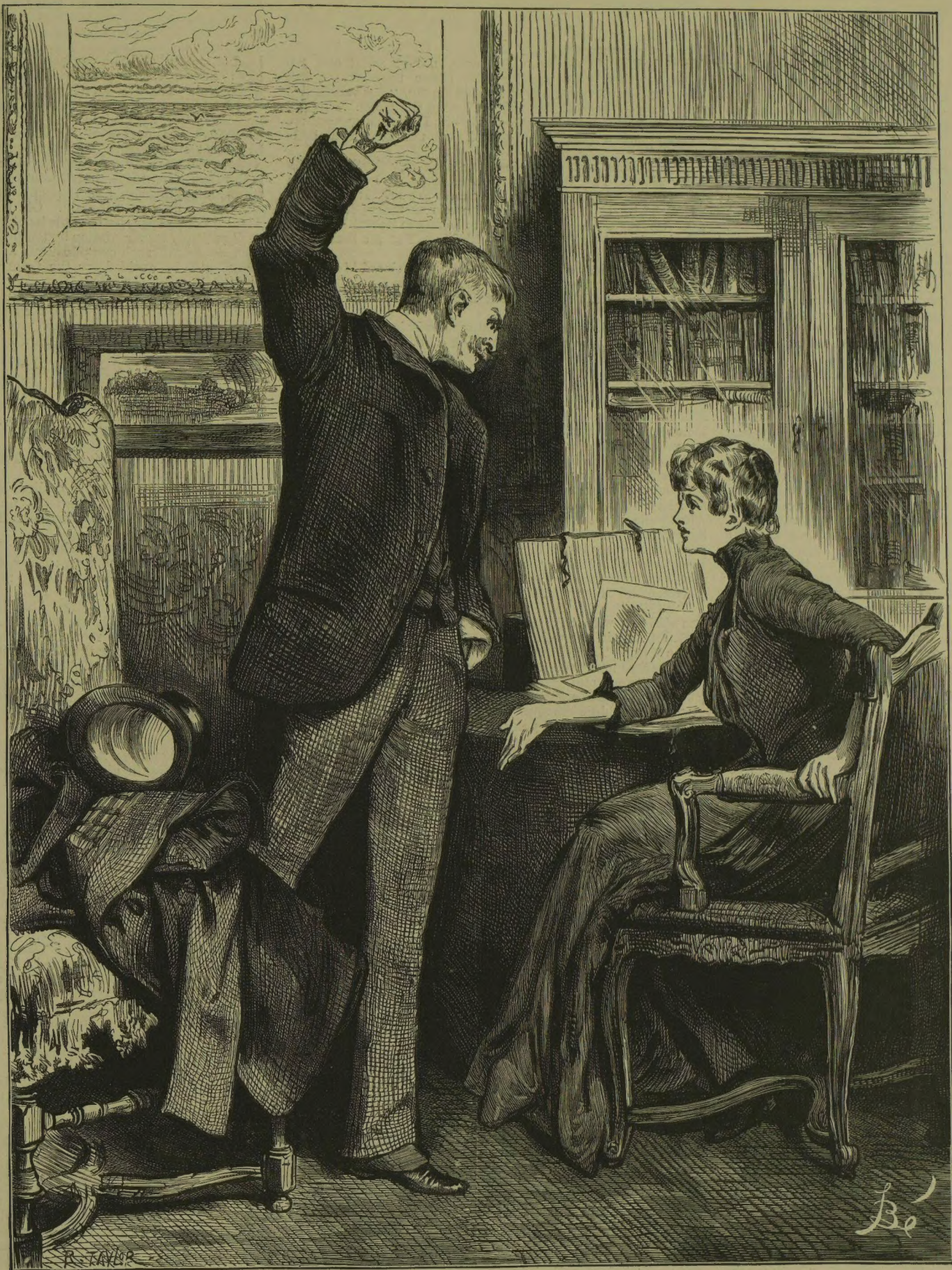
C. K. S.

The Rev. T. G. Bonney, Professor of Geology in University College, London, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester, has been appointed to the Boyle Lectureship, in succession to the Rev. C. B. Lloyd Engeström.

About sixteen years ago the London Corporation, becoming seriously alarmed at the increase, both in number and extent, of City fires, established a system of water hydrants, and has since maintained them at a cost to the present time of nearly £30,000, the whole of which has come out of the Corporation funds. It has now been decided that this valuable system shall be the property of the ratepayers; it has accordingly been handed over to the Commissioners of Sewers, in whose hands its future management will be.



THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU, BAVARIA: CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

His hand remained raised—he was speechless—he was motionless—he was helpless with blind rage and madness.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

TWO days after the Private View Alec Feilding repaired, by special invitation, to Mr. Jagenal's office.

"I have sent for you, Alec," said the solicitor, *ami de famille*, "in continuance of our conversation of the other day—about that little windfall, you know."

"I am not likely to forget it. Little windfalls of a thousand pounds do not come too often."

"They do not. Meantime another very important event has happened. I saw the announcement in the paper, and I received your note."

"You are the only person—believe me—to whom I have thought it right to explain the circumstances."

"Yes? The explanation, at all events, is one that may be given in the same words—to all the world. I have no knowledge of Mrs. Feilding's friends, or of any obstacles that have been raised to her marriage! But I am rather sorry, Alec, that you sent her to me under a false name, because these things, if they get about, are apt to make mischief."

"I assure you that this plan was only adopted in order the more effectually to divert suspicion. It was with the greatest reluctance that we consented to enter upon a path of deception. I knew, however, in whose hands I was. At any moment I was in readiness to confess the truth to you. In the case of a stranger the thing would have been impossible.

You, however, I knew, would appreciate the motive of our action, and sympathise with the necessity."

Mr. Jagenal laughed gently—behind the specious words he discerned—something—the shapeless spectre which suspicion calls up or creates. But he only laughed. "Well, Alec," he said, "marriage is a perfectly personal matter. You are a married man. You had reasons of your own for concealing the fact. You are now enabled to proclaim the fact. That is all anybody need know. We condone the little pretence of the widowhood. Armorel Rosevean has lost her companion; whether she has also lost her friend I do not know. The rest concerns yourself alone. Very good. You are a married man. All the more reason that this little windfall should be acceptable."

"It will be extremely acceptable, I assure you."

"Whether it is money or money's worth?"

"To save trouble I should prefer money."

"You must take it as it comes, my dear boy."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is," replied Mr. Jagenal, solemnly, "nothing short of the sea giving up its treasures, the dead giving up her secrets, and the restoration of what was never known to be lost."

"You a maker of conundrums?"

"You shall hear. Before we come to the thing itself—the treasure, the windfall, the thing picked up on the beach—let me again recall to you two or three points in your own family history. Your mother's maiden name was Isabel Needham.

She was the daughter of Henry Needham and Frances his wife. Frances was the daughter of Robert Fletcher."

"Very good. I believe that is the case."

"Your money came to you from this Robert Fletcher, your maternal great-grandfather. You should, therefore, remember him."

"I recognise," said Alec, sententially, "the respect that should be paid to the memory of every man who makes money for his children."

"Very good. Now, this Robert Fletcher, as a young man, went out to India in search of fortune. He was apparently an adventurous young man, not disposed to sit down at the desk after the usual fashion of young men who go out to India. We find him in Burmah, for instance—then a country little known by Englishmen. While there he managed to attract the notice and the favour of the King, who employed him in some capacity—traded with him, perhaps; and, at all events, advanced his interests—so that, while still a young man, he found himself in the possession of a fortune ample enough for his wants."

"Which he left to his daughters."

"Don't be in a hurry. That was quite another fortune."

"Oh! Another fortune? What became of the first?"

"Having enough, he resolved to return to his native country. But in Burmah there were then no banks, merchants, drafts, or cheques. He therefore converted his fortune into portable property, which he carried about his

person, no one, I take it, knowing anything at all about it. Thus, carrying his treasure with him, he sailed for England. Have you heard anything of this?"

"Nothing at all. The beginning of the story, however, is interesting."

"You will enjoy the end still better. The ship in which he sailed met with disaster. She was wrecked on the Isles of Scilly. It is said—but this I do not know—that the only man saved from the wreck was your great-grandfather: he was saved by one Emanuel Rosevean, great-great-grandfather to Armorel, the girl whose charge your own wife undertook."

"Always that girl!" said Alec.

"Robert Fletcher was clinging to a spar when he was picked up and dragged ashore. He recovered consciousness after a long illness, and then found that the leather case in which all his fortune lay had slipped from his neck and was lost. Therefore, he had to begin the world again. He went away, therefore. He went away"—Mr. Jagenal paused at this point, rattled his keys, and looked about him. He was not a story-teller by profession, but he knew instinctively that every story, in order to be dramatic—and he wished this to be a very dramatic history—should be cut up into paragraphs, illustrated by dialogue, and divided into sections. Dialogue being impossible, he stopped and rattled his keys. This meant the end of one chapter and the beginning of another.

"Do pray get along," cried his client, now growing interested and impatient.

"He went away," the narrator repeated, "his treasure lost, to begin the world again. He came here, became a stockbroker, made money—and the rest you know. He appears never to have told his daughters of his loss. I have been in communication with the solicitors of the late Eleanor Fletcher, your great-aunt, and I cannot learn from them that she ever spoke of this calamity. Yet had she known of it she must have remembered it. To bring all your fortune—a considerable fortune—home in a bag tied round your neck, and to lose it in a shipwreck is a disaster which would, one thinks, be remembered to the third and fourth generations."

"I should think so. But you said something about the sea giving up its treasure."

"That we come to next. Five years ago, by the death of a very aged lady, her great-great-grandmother, Armorel Rosevean succeeded to an inheritance which turned out to be nothing less than the accumulated savings of many generations. Among other possessions she found in this old lady's room a sea-chest containing things apparently recovered from wrecks, or drowned men, or washed ashore by the sea—a very curious and interesting collection: there were snuff-boxes, watches, chains, rings, all kinds of things. Among these treasures she turned out, at the bottom of the chest, a case of shagreen with a leather thong. On opening this Armorel found it to contain a quantity of precious stones, and a scrap of paper which seemed to show that they had formerly been the property of one Robert Fletcher. We may suppose, if we please, that the case containing the jewels was cast up on the beach after the storm, and tossed into the chest without much knowledge of its contents or their value. We may suppose that Emanuel Rosevean bought them. We may suppose what we please, because we can prove nothing. For my own part, I think there is no reasonable doubt that the case actually contained the fortune of Robert Fletcher. The dates of the story seem to correspond: the handwriting appears to be his: we have letters of his speaking of his intention to return, and of his property being in convenient portable shape."

"Well—then—this portable fortune belongs to Robert Fletcher's heirs."

"Not so quick. How are you going to prove your claim? You have nothing to go by but a fragment of writing with part of his name on it. You cannot prove that he was shipwrecked, and if you could do that you could not prove that these jewels belonged to him."

"If there is no doubt, she ought to give them up. She is bound in honour."

"I said that in my mind there is no reasonable doubt. That is because I have heard a great deal more than could be admitted in evidence. But now—listen again without interrupting. When, five years ago, the young lady placed the management of her affairs in my hands through the Vicar of her parish, I had every part of her very miscellaneous fortune valued and a part of it sold. I had these rubies examined by a merchant in jewels."

"And how much were they worth?"

"One with another—some being large and very valuable indeed, and others small—they were said, by my expert, to be worth thirty-five thousand pounds. They might, under favourable circumstances and if judiciously placed in the market, realise much more. Thirty-five thousand pounds!"

"What?" He literally opened his mouth. "How much do you say?"

"Thirty-five thousand pounds."

"Oh! But the stones are not hers—they belong—they belong—to us—to the descendants of Robert Fletcher." No one would have called that face wooden, now. It was full of excitement—the excitement of a newly awakened hope. "Does she propose to buy me off with a thousand pounds? Does she think I am to be bought off at any price? The jewels are mine—mine—that is, I have a share in them."

"Gently—gently—gently! What proof have you got of this story? Nothing. You never heard of it: your great-grandfather never spoke of it. Nothing would have been heard of it at all but for this old lady from whom Armorel inherited. The property is hers as much as anything else. If she gives up anything it is by her own free and uncompelled will. She need give nothing. Remember that."

"Then she offers me a miserable thousand pounds for my share—which ought to be at least a third. Jagenal"—he turned purple and the veins stood out on his forehead—"That infernal girl hates me! She has done me—I cannot tell you how much mischief. She persecutes me. Now she offers to buy me out of my share of thirty-five thousand pounds—a third share—nay—a half, because my great-aunt left no children—for a thousand pounds down!"

"I did not say so."

"You told me that the windfall would amount to a thousand pounds."

"That was in joke, my boy. You are perfectly wrong about Armorel hating you. How can she hate you? You are so far wrong in this instance that she has instructed me to give you the whole of this fortune—actually to make you a free gift of the whole property—the whole, mind—thirty-five thousand pounds!"

"To me! Armorel gives me—me—the whole of this fortune?" Blank astonishment fell upon him. He stood staring—open-mouthed. "To ME?" he repeated.

"To you. She does not, to be sure, know to whom she gives it. She is only desirous of restoring the jewels which she insists in believing to belong to Robert Fletcher's family. Therefore, as it would be obviously impossible to find out and to divide this fortune among all the descendants of Robert Fletcher, who are scattered about the globe, she was resolved to give them to the eldest descendant of the second daughter."

"Oh!" Alec turned pale, and dropped into a chair, broken up. "To the eldest descendant of the second—the second daughter. Then"—

"Then to you, as the only grandson of the second daughter—Frances."

"The second daughter was"—He checked himself. He sighed. He sat up. His eyes, always small and too close together, grew smaller and closer together. "The other branch of the family," he said slowly, "has vanished—as you say—it is scattered over the face of the globe. I do not know anything about my cousins—if I have any cousins. Perhaps when you have carried on the search a little further"—

"But I am not going to carry it on any further at all. Why should I? We have nothing more to learn. I am instructed by Armorel to give the rubies to you. It is a gift—not a right. It is not an inheritance, remember—it is a free gift. She says, 'These rubies used to belong to Robert Fletcher. I will restore them to someone of his kin.' You are that someone. Why should I inquire further?"

"Oh!" Alec sank back in his chair and closed his eyes as one who recovers from a sharp pang, and sighed deeply. "If you are satisfied, then—But if other cousins should turn up"—

"They will have nothing, because nobody is entitled to anything. Come, Alec, my boy, you look a little overcome. It is natural. Pull yourself together, and look at the facts. You will have thirty-five thousand pounds—perhaps a little more. At four per cent—I think I can put you in the way of getting so much with safety—you will have fourteen hundred a year. You will have that, apart from your literary and artistic income. It is not a gigantic fortune, it is true; but let me tell you that it is a very handsome addition indeed to any man's income. You will not be able to live in Kensington Palace-gardens, where your wife lived as a girl; but you can take a good house and see your friends, and have anything in reason. Well, that is all I have to say, except to congratulate you, which I do, my Alec"—he seized the fortunate young man's hand and shook it warmly—"most heartily. I do, indeed. You deserve your good luck—every bit of the good luck that has befallen you. Everybody who knows you will rejoice. And it comes just at the right moment—just when you have acknowledged your marriage and taken your wife home."

"Really," said Alec, now completely recovered, "I am overwhelmed with this stroke of luck. It is the most unexpected thing in the world. I could never have dreamed of such a thing. To find out, on the same day, that one's great-grandfather once made a fortune and lost it, and that it has been recovered, and that it is all given to me—it naturally takes one's breath away at first."

"You would like to gaze upon this fortune from the Ruby Mines of Burmah, would you not?" Mr. Jagenal threw open the door of a safe, and took out a parcel in brown paper. "It is here." He opened the parcel, and disclosed the shagreen case which we have already seen in the sea-chest. He laid it on the table, and unrolled the silk in which the stones were rolled. "There they are—look common enough, don't they? One seems to have picked up stones twice as pretty on the seashore: here are two or three cut and polished—bits of red glass would look as pretty."

"Thirty-five thousand pounds!" Alec cried, laying a hand, as if in episcopal benediction, upon the treasure. "Is it possible that this little bundle of stones should be worth so much?"

"Quite possible. Now—they are yours—what will you do with them?"

"First, I will ask you to put them back in the safe."

"I will send them to your bank if you please."

"No—keep them here—I will consult you immediately about their disposition. Thirty-five thousand pounds! Thirty-five—perhaps we may get more for them. What am I to say to this girl? Perhaps when she learns who has got the rubies she will refuse to let them go. I am sure she would never consent."

"Nonsense—about persecution and annoyance! Armorel hate you? Why should she hate you? The sweetest girl in the world. You men of genius are too ready to take offence. The things are yours. I have given them to you by her instructions. I have written you a letter, formally conveying the jewels to you. Here it is. And now go home, my dear fellow, and when you feel like taking a holiday, do it with a tranquil mind, remembering that you've got fourteen hundred pounds a year given you for nothing at all by this young lady, who wasn't obliged to give you a penny. Why, in surrendering these jewels, she has surrendered a good half of her whole fortune. Find me another girl, anywhere, who would give up half her fortune for a scruple. And now go away, and tell your wife. Let her rejoice. Tell her it is Armorel's wedding present."

Alec Feilding walked home. He was worth thirty-five thousand pounds—fourteen hundred pounds a year. When one comes to think of it, though we call ourselves such a very wealthy country, there are comparatively few, indeed, among us who can boast that they enjoy an income of fourteen hundred pounds a year, with no duties, responsibilities, or cares about their income—and with nothing to do for it. Fourteen hundred pounds a year is not great wealth; but it will enable a man to keep up a very respectable style of living: many people in society have got to live on a great deal less. He and his wife were going to live on nothing a year, except what they could get by their wits. Fourteen hundred a year! They could still exercise their wits: that is to say, he should expect his wife, now the thinking partner, to exercise her wits with zeal. But what a happiness for a man to feel that he does not live by his wits alone! Alas! It is a joy that is given to few indeed of us.

As for his late literary and artistic successes, how poor and paltry did they appear to this man, who had no touch of the artist nature, beside this solid lump of money, worth all the artistic or poetic fame that ever was achieved!

He went home dancing. He was at peace with all mankind. He found it in his heart to forgive everybody: Roland Lee, who had so basely deserted him: Effie, that snake in the grass: Lady Frances, the most treacherous of women: Armorel herself—Oh! Heavens! what could not be forgiven to the girl who had made him such a gift? Even the revolt against his authority: even the broken panel, the shattered lock, and the earthquake.

In this mood he arrived at home. His wife, the thinking partner, was hard at work in the interests of the new firm. In her hand was a manuscript volume of verse: on the table beside her lay an open portfolio of sketches and drawings.

"You see, Alec," she looked up, smiling. "Already the ghosts have begun to appear at my call. If you ask me where I found them, I reply, as before, that when one travels about with a country company one has opportunities. All kinds of queer people may be heard of. Your ghosts, in future, my dear boy, must be of the tribe which has broken down and given in, not of those who are still young and hopeful. I have found a man who can draw—here is a portfolio full of his things: in black and white: they can be reproduced by some photographic process: he is in an advanced stage of misery, and will never know or ask what becomes of his

things. He ought to have made his fortune long ago. He hasn't, because he is always drunk and disreputable. It will do you good to illustrate the paper with your own drawings. There's a painter I have heard of. He drinks every afternoon and all the evening at a certain place, where you must go and find him. He has long since been turned out of every civilised kind of society, and you can get his pictures for anything you like; he can't draw much, I believe, but his colouring is wonderful. There is an elderly lady, too, of whom I have heard. She can draw too, and she's got no friends and can be got cheap. And this book is full of the verses of a poor wretch who was once a rising literary man, and now carries a banner at Drury-Lane Theatre whenever they want a super. As for your stories, I have got a broken-down actor—he writes better than he can act—to write stories of the boards. They will appear anonymously, and if people attribute them to you he will not be able to complain. Oh, I know what I am about, Alec! Your paper shall double its circulation in a month, and shall multiply its circulation by ten in six months, and without the least fear of such complications as have happened lately. They must be avoided for the future—proposals as well as earthquakes—my dear Alec."

Alec sat down on the table and laughed carelessly. "Zoe," he said, "you are the cleverest woman in the world. It was a lucky day for us both when you came here. I made a big mistake for three years. Now I've got some news for you—good news!"

"That can only mean—money."

"It does mean—money, as you say. Money, my dear. Money that makes the mare to go."

"How much, Alec?"

"More than your four thousand. Twenty times as much as that little balance in your book."

"Oh, Alec! is it possible? Twenty times as much? Eighty thousand pounds?"

"About that sum," he replied, exaggerating with the instincts of the City, inherited, no doubt, from Robert Fletcher. "Perhaps quite that sum if I manage certain sales cleverly."

"Is it a legacy?—or an inheritance?—how did you get it?"

"It is not exactly a legacy: it is a kind of restoration to an unknown person: a gift not made to me personally, but to me unknown."

"You talk to me in riddles, Alec."

"I would talk in blank verse if I could. It is, indeed, literally true. I have received an estate—in portable property worth nearly forty thousand pounds."

"Oh! Then we shall be really rich, and not have to pretend quite so much? A little pretence, Alec, I like. It makes me feel like returning to society: too much pretence reminds one of the policeman."

"Don't you want to know how I have come into this money?"

"I am not curious, Alec. I like everything to be done for me. When I was a girl there were carriages and horses and everything that I wanted—all ready—all done for me, you know. Then I was stripped of all. I had nothing to do or to say in the matter. It was done for me. Now, you tell me you have got eighty thousand pounds. Oh! Heavens! It is done for me. The ways of fate are so wonderful. Things are given and things are taken away. Why should I inquire how things come? Perhaps this will be taken away in its turn."

"Not quite, Zoe. I have got my hand over it. You can trust your husband, I think, to keep what he has got." Indeed, he looked at this moment cunning enough to be trusted with keeping the National Debt itself.

"Eighty thousand pounds!" she said. "Let me write it down. Eighty thousand pounds! Eight and one, two, three, four oughts." She wrote them down, and clasped her hands, saying, "Oh! the beauty—the incomparable beauty—of the last ought!"

"Perhaps not quite so much," said her husband, thinking that the exaggeration was a little too much.

"Don't take off one of my oughts—not my fourth: not my Napoleon of oughts!"

"No—no. Keep your four oughts. Well, my dear, if it is only sixty thousand or so there is two thousand a year for us. Two thousand a year!"

"Don't, Alec; don't! Not all at once. Break it gently."

"We will carry on the paper; and perhaps do something or other—carefully, you know—in Art. There is no need to knock things off. And if you can make the paper succeed, as you think, there will be so much the more. Well, we can use it all. For my part, Zoe, my dear, I don't care how big the income is. I am equal to ten thousand."

"Of course, and you will still pronounce judgments and be a leader. Now let us talk of what we will do—where we will live—and all. Two thousand is pretty big to begin with, after three years' tight fit; but the paper will bring in another two thousand easily. I've been looking through the accounts—bills and returns—and I am sure it has been villainously managed. We will run it up: we will have ten thousand a year to spend. A vast deal may be done with ten thousand a year: we will have a big weekly dinner as well as an At Home. We will draw all the best people in London to the house: we will!"

She enlarged with great freedom on what could be done with this income: she displayed all the powers of a rich imagination: not even the milkmaid of the fable more largely anticipated the joys of the future.

"And, oh! Alec," she cried. "To be rich again! rich only to the limited extent of ten thousand a year, is too great happiness. When my father was ruined, I thought the world was ended. Well, it was ended for me, because you made me leave it and disappear. The last four years I should like to be clean forgotten and driven out of my mind—horrid years of failing and enduring and waiting! And now we are rich again! Oh! we are rich again! It is too much happiness!"

The tears rose to her eyes: her soft and murmuring voice broke.

"My poor Zoe," her husband laid his hand on hers, "I am rejoiced," he said, "as much for your sake as for my own."

"How did you get this wonderful fortune, Alec?"

"Through Mr. Jagenal, the lawyer. It's a long story. A great-grandfather of mine was wrecked and lost his property. That was eighty years ago. Now, his property was found. Who do you think found it? Armorel Rosevean. And she has restored it—to me."

"What?" She sprang to her feet, her face suddenly turning white. "What? Armorel?"

"Yes, certainly. Curious coincidence, isn't it? The very girl who has done me so much mischief. The man was wrecked on the island where her people lived."

"Yes—yes—yes. The property—what was it? What was it? Quick!"

"It was a leather case filled with rubies—rubies worth at least thirty-five thousand pounds—What's the matter?"

"Rubies! Her rubies! Oh! Armorel's rubies! No—no—no—not that! Anything—anything but that! Armorel's rubies—Armorel's rubies!"

"What is the matter, Zoe? What is it?"

She gasped. Her eyes were wild: her cheek was white. She was like one who is seized with some sudden horrible and unintelligible pain. Or she was like one who has suddenly heard the most dreadful and most terrible news possible.

"What is it, Zoe?" her husband asked again.
 "You? Oh! you have brought me this news—you! I thought, perhaps, someone—Armored—or some other might find me out. But you!—you!"

"Again, Zoe"—he tried to be calm, but a dreadful doubt seized him—"what does this mean?"

"I remember," she laughed wildly, "what I said when I gave you the bankbook. If you found me out, I said, we should be both on the same level. You would be able to hold out your arms, I said, and to cry, 'You have come down to my level. Come to my heart, sister in wickedness.' That is what I said. Oh! I little thought—it was a prophecy—my words have come true."

She caught her head with her hand—it is a stogy gesture: she had learned it on the stage: yet at this moment of trouble it was simple and natural.

"What the Devil do you mean?" he cried with exasperation.

"They were *your* rubies all the time, and I did not know. Your rubies! If I had only known! Oh! what have I done? What have I done?"

"Tell me quick, what you have done." He caught her by the arm roughly. He actually shook her. His own face now was almost as white as hers. "Quick—tell me—tell me—tell me!"

"You wanted money badly. You told me so every time I saw you. It was to get money that I went to live with Armored. I could not get it that way. But I found another way. She told me about the rubies. I knew where they were kept. In the bank. In a sealed packet. I had seen an inventory of the things in the bank. Armored told me the story of the rubies, and I never believed it—I never thought that there would be any search for the man's heirs. I never thought the story was true. She told me, besides, all about her other things—her miniatures and snuffboxes, and watches and rings. She showed me all her beautiful lace, worth thousands. And as for the gold things and the jewels, they were all in the bank, in separate sealed parcels, numbered. She showed me the bank receipts. Opposite each number was written the contents of each, and opposite Number Three was written 'The case containing the rubies.'"

"Well? Well?"
 "Hush! What did I do? Let me think. I am going mad, I believe. It was for your sake—all for your sake, Alec! All for your sake that I have ruined you!"

"Ruined me? Quick! What have you done?"
 "It was for your sake, Alec—all for your sake! Oh, for your own sake I have lost and ruined you!"

"You will drive me mad, I think!" he gasped.
 "I wrote a letter, one day, to the manager of the bank. I wrote it in imitation of Armored's hand. I signed her name at the end so that no one could have told it was a forgery. My letter told him to give the sealed packet numbered three to the bearer who was waiting. I sent the letter by a commissioner. He returned bringing the packet with him."

"And then?"
 "Oh! Then—then—Alec, you will kill me—you will surely kill me when you know! You care for nothing in the world but for money—and I—I have stolen away your money! It is gone—it is gone!"

"You stole those rubies? But I have seen them. They are in Jagenal's safe. What do you mean?" he cried hoarsely.

"I have sold them. I stole them, and I sold them all—they were worth—how much did you say? Fifty—sixty—eighty thousand pounds? I sold them all, Alec, for four thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds! I sold them to a Dutchman in Hatton-garden."

"You are raving mad! You dream! I have seen them. I have handled them."

"What you have seen were the worthless imitation jewels that I substituted. I found out where to get sham rubies made of paste, or something—some cut and some uncut. I bought them, and I substituted them in the case. Then I returned the packet to the bank. I had the packet in my possession no more than one morning. The man who bought the stones swore they were worth no more. He said he should lose money by them: he was going away to America immediately, and wanted to settle at once, otherwise he would not give so much. That is what I have done, Alec."

"Oh!" he stood over her, his eyes glaring; he roared like a wild beast; he raised his hand as if to slay her with a single blow. But he could find no words. His hand remained raised—he was speechless—he was motionless—he was helpless with blind rage and madness.

His wife looked up, and waited. Now that she had told her tale she was calm.

"If you are going to kill me," she said, "you had better do it at once. I think I do not care about living any longer. Kill me, if you like."

He dropped his arm: he straightened himself, and stood upright.

"You are a Thief!" he said hoarsely. "You are a wretched, miserable Thief!"

She pointed to the picture on the easel.

"And you—my husband?"
 He threw himself into a chair. Then he got up and paced the room: he beat the air with his hands: his face was distorted: his eyes were wild: he abandoned himself to one of those magnificent rages of which we read in History. William the Conqueror—King Richard—King John—many mediæval kings used to fall into these rages. They are less common of late. But then such provocation as this is rare in any age.

When, at last, speech came to him, it was at first stuttering and broken: speech of the elementary kind: speech of primitive man in a rage: speech ejaculatory: speech interjectional: speech of railing and cursing. He walked—or, rather, tramped—about the room: he stamped with his foot: he banged the table with his fist: he roared: he threatened: he cleared the dictionary of its words of scorn, contempt, and loathing: he hurled all these words at his wife. As a tigress bereft of her young, so is such a man bereft of his money.

His wife, meantime, sat watching, silent. She waited for the storm to pass. As for what he said, it was no more than the rolling of thunder. She made no answer to his reproaches; but for her white face you would have thought she neither heard nor felt nor cared.

Outside, Ford, the discreet man-servant, heard every word. Once, when his master threatened violence, he thought it might be his duty to interfere. As the storm continued, he began to feel that this was no place for a man-servant who respected himself. He remembered the earthquake. He had then been called upon to remove from its hinges a door fractured in a row. That was a blow. He was now compelled to listen while a master, unworthy of such a servant, brutally swore at his wife. He perceived that his personal character and his dignity no longer allowed him to remain with such a person. He resigned, therefore, that very day.

When the bereaved sufferer could say no more—for there comes a time when even to shriek fails to bring relief—he threw himself into a chair and began to cry. Yes: he cried like a child: he wept and sobbed and lamented. The tears ran down his cheeks: his voice was choked with sobs. The discreet man-servant outside blushed with shame that such a thing should happen under his roof. The wife looked on without a sign or a word. We break down and cry when we have lost the thing which most we love—it may be a wife; it may be a child: in the case of this young man the thing which most he loved and desired was money. It had been granted to him—in large and generous measure. And, lo! it was torn from his hands before his fingers had even closed around it. Oh! the pity—the pity of it!

This fit, too, passed away.
 Half an hour later, when he was quite quiet, exhausted with his rage, his wife laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Alec," she said, "I have always longed for one thing most of all. It was the only thing, I once thought, that made it worth the trouble to live. An hour ago it seemed that the thing had been granted to me. And I was happy even with this guilt upon my soul. I know you for what you are. Yet I desired your love. Henceforth, this dreadful thing stands between us. You can no longer love me—that is certain, because I have ruined you—any more than I can hold you in respect. Yet we will continue to walk together—hand in hand—I will work and you shall enjoy. If we do not love each other, we can continue in partnership, and show to the world faces full of affection. At least you cannot reproach me. I am a thief, it is true—most true! And you—Alec! you—oh! my husband!—what are you?"

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES AT MELBOURNE.

The great commercial city which is the capital of the Colony of Victoria, seated near the shore of Port Phillip, a land-locked piece of the sea, open to its healthy breezes, enjoys a large share of social as well as physical sunshine. Melbourne, with its 400,000 inhabitants, including the suburbs, like a holiday in the open air, and takes immense interest, we are told, in the horse-races, which are held at Flemington, three miles north-west of the city, on ground 316 acres in extent reserved for the course, one of the finest in the world, with a handsome Grand Stand for subscribers and other paying spectators. On "Cup Day," which is equivalent to the London "Derby Day," it has been computed that so many as 130,000 people were assembled on this racecourse; and when our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, was sojourning in Melbourne, he did not miss the opportunity of beholding such a multitude of pleasure-loving colonial English folk. One feature of their behaviour which he especially noticed was the demonstrative interest felt by ladies and children in the business of the race-meeting; for he saw and sketched, in the crowd of persons at the ticket-office where admission to the saddling-paddock is purchased, a very small boy, quite a child, clambering up to the window, paying a half-crown for his ticket and a shilling for the book containing a list of the horses entered to start. This child, all alone, presently walked in to inspect the horses, and was afterwards observed calmly making a bet with one of the regular speculators on a combination of odds for the great event of the day. We are not disposed to congratulate Australian society upon the example of juvenile precocity in this direction; and the reading of Tasma's clever Melbourne novel, "In Her Earliest Youth," which was reviewed last week, has left a rather painful impression, in the character of George Draffon, of the evils that may result from a premature initiation into the perilous practice of gambling on the turf. But it is the duty of Australian parents and guardians to take care of their children's morals, which the best of them are sure to do; and we feel sure that little "Uncle Chubby," at Sydney, in the story to which we refer, would not be allowed by Pauline's grandmother to figure as a betting man on the Randwick racecourse, the institution that corresponds, in the New South Wales capital, to what has been described of Melbourne.

The public buildings which adorn the capital of Victoria have already been noticed, and it is well known that their stately magnificence excels all others in the southern hemisphere; but most conspicuous, from its elevated site, is Government House, with its massive square tower, 145 ft. high, overlooking the whole city. A view of the grand entrance is included with our Artist's other Sketches.

Countess Brownlow opened a hospital on May 29 at Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire, which has been erected by public subscription, in order that poor people may participate in the benefit to be derived from the mineral waters. The Bishop of Lincoln conducted the service. The Princess of Wales has consented to become patroness of the hospital, which is to be called the Alexandra. Mr. T. Cheney Garfit subsequently entertained a large company to luncheon at the Victoria Hotel.

The *Publishers' Circular* announces the fusion of the two oldest houses in the publishing trade, in consequence of the purchase of the business of Messrs. Rivington, of Waterloo-place, by Messrs. Longmans, of Paternoster-row. The former house, established by Charles Rivington, has been in existence, in the same family, since 1710; the latter, by Osborne and Longman, since 1726, from which date practically the connection between the houses dates. One of the first works issued by Osborne and Longman, Scott's "Commentary on the Bible," bears the imprint of the two houses in that year (1726) in connection. It is understood that in future the business will be carried on by Messrs. Longmans alone, in Paternoster-row, under their present name, and that they will supply all the publications of Messrs. Rivington.

Ready June 16.

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PAINTING THE LILY.

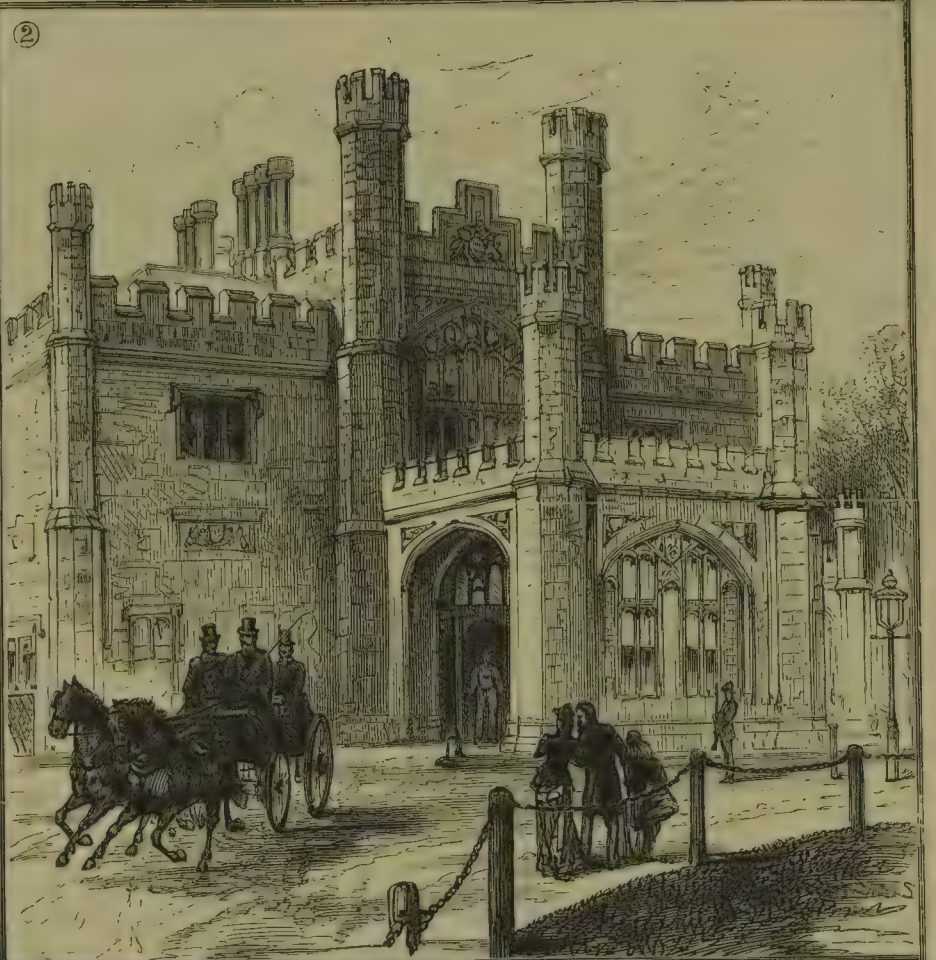
Shakspeare, in some rather well-known lines, hints that it is a refinement of superfluity to paint the lily; but, in spite of our greatest bard, ladies of all times have been in the habit of doing this thing, and the fact stands as a very sad commentary on feminine vanity, and the fugitive character of those charms which are not of the mind but of the person alone. Go back as far as history will carry you—in other words, go back to the Egyptians and the Hebrews, and you will find the use of cosmetics flourishing in their days to a degree unknown among us, or even among our great-grandmothers of the eighteenth century, when the art was at its zenith of favour. "Egypt," says De Quincey, who squeezed the juice of his information on this head from Hartmann's thick-skinned orange, "was famous for the fashion of painting the face from an early period"; and one has only to turn to Sir J. G. Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians" for an unqualified confirmation of the dictum. More ancient still than the custom of beautifying the face generally was that of artificially imparting lustre to those particular orbs upon which the expression of the whole features depends—I mean the eyes, the lids and the brows of which were dyed with a black pigment called *Kohl* (*collyrium*), mixed with a preparation of vinegar and gall-apples, with oil of almonds, or even with costly gums and balsams. The stuff was applied by the aid of a little metallic pencil (numbers of which, together with the bottles of Kohl, have been unearthed from tombs at Thebes and elsewhere); and the effect of the black rim which it traced about the eyelid was "to throw a dark and majestic shadow over the eye; to give it a languishing and yet a lustrous expression; to increase its apparent size; and to apply the force of contrast to the white of the eye." The point aimed at by both Egyptian and Hebrew women in colouring the eyebrows was to curve them into a beautiful arch of brilliant ebony, and, at the same time, to make the inner ends meet or flow into each other. It would seem as if the primary origin of this habit in the country of the Nile lay in the fact that the main component (Kohl) is a powerful remedy in cases of ophthalmia and inflammation of the eyes—to which complaints Egypt is, from local causes, peculiarly exposed. But this medicinal purpose was very quickly lost, and the Hebrews and the Greeks accepted the idea (and improved upon it, of course) merely as an aid to beauty.

Greek ladies are commonly credited with extreme simplicity of dress and life. Unfortunately, researches will not bear out this belief—those researches, at least, which concern themselves with the social life of Greece in the days subsequent to Homer. Their dress appears simple, but it was the result of much study—it was a studied negligence, which the women (with a prescience superior to that of modern women) knew would show off their figures to the best advantage. Then, in the matter of cosmetics, they made a complete business of it: they whitened their foreheads, spread over their faces the hues of the lily intermingled with the bloom of the rose, dyed their eyebrows, and fashioned them like arches, painted black the edges of the eyelids, rendered their eyes humid and bright by powder-of-lead ore, adorned themselves with false ringlets, changed the yellow into black, the black into auburn, gave a ruby tinge to their lips, and blanched their teeth into ivory. Who does not remember their saying on the subject of rouge?—"She plants roses in her cheeks, which, like those of Loeris, will bloom in an hour and fade in less." Some of the preparations were sufficiently repulsive. For instance, the eyebrows were sometimes blackened by resin soot, and the eyelashes caused to lie regularly by a judicious administration of naphtha, or by a paste composed of glue and pounded marble. For the eyebrows, however, the regulation pigment was *hypogemma*, and that for the edges of the eyelids was *stimmis*, an oxide of antimony; while for the removal of freckles was used a compound of the flour-of-turnip seed, lupines, wheat, daniel, and chick-peas, or a substance, called *adarees*, found on reeds and the dry stalks of plants about the ponds and marshes of Cappadocia, and said to resemble congealed froth.

The ladies of Rome carried the art of mending nature to a point far in advance of that attained by the Greeks. A Roman woman of quality of the time of Poppæa and Agrippina left her bed about eleven o'clock and repaired straightway to her bath. After remaining there for some time, and being rubbed with pumice-stone, she emerged and passed into the hands of the *cosmotes*—slaves who possessed many secrets for preserving and beautifying the skin and complexion. The moment the mistress of the establishment left her bath, a cataplasm was placed on her face. This was removed when the toilet began in earnest, and one slave bathed her face with a sponge steeped in asses' milk. Then another (so, at least, says Pliny) endeavoured to impart to the skin all possible delicacy and freshness by an application of the ashes of snails or of large ants burnt and bruised with salt, succeeded by honey in which the bees had been smothered, by the fat of a pullet mixed with onions, and, lastly, by the fat of a swan, which last had the virtue of removing wrinkles. After this another slave appeared, armed with a pair of pincers, with which she mercilessly removed every superfluous hair, however minute, which she could discover about her mistress's face or neck. To this operation succeeded that of the teeth, which were rubbed with grated pumice-stone, or with marble dust. Next came the eyelashes, eyebrows, and the hair, which were painted and treated generally by another special class of slaves; and after this had been done, and the lips bespread with a red pomade, to impart to them a finishing softness and bloom, the toilet was complete, and the beauty surveyed herself in a mirror (an aid to reflection differing somewhat from any of Coleridge's) held up by the favourite attendant, who was allowed the privilege of kissing her. If all was well, the medicated ægis was put on her face again, and not taken off until the wearer went abroad or received visitors. The husband by this means seldom had the doubtful satisfaction of seeing his wife's beautified visage, while at the same time he had the equally doubtful satisfaction of defraying the expense, which, for the articles and the slaves, individually and collectively, represented an enormous sum—such a sum, indeed, as would positively ruin many a wealthy modern husband.

To say nothing of the rich dresses and valuable ornaments which the lady wore, or of the maintenance of a whole regiment of slaves for one particular duty, the mirrors of burnished gold and silver, in some instances six feet in height, cost a small fortune, and, of course, everything in the dressing-case was of the best quality. One of these dressing-cases, two feet long and a foot and a half broad, was unearthed at the end of the last century by some labourers digging for a well in the garden of a monastery, not far from the Saburra, at the foot of the Equiline Hill. The various articles found in the casket were of silver, and the total weight of them was no less than 1029 ounces. The *pyxis* itself was the most remarkable thing in the whole "find," as well for the form and workmanship as for the figures painted on the lid and sides, and probably cost as much as all the other articles put together.

M. R. D.



1. Taking Tickets for the Saddling Paddock on the Melbourne Racecourse. 2. Government House, Melbourne. 3. The Grand Stand and Melbourne Racecourse on Cup Day.

SKETCHES AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXIV.

Audley End.

It is beautiful here in summer, when the great chestnuts that stand about the park and the elms that make avenues of the country roads are clad in green. Audley End is famous for its trees; here the flats of Essex are broken up with little hills and dales, and dark tree-lined edges the summits, and make a warm setting for the stately house,



LORD BRAYBROOKE.

and the brown ancient village, and the neighbour-town of Saffron Walden.

Yet on a winter day, when all the hillsides are white with snow and the woods show black against them, Audley End has its beauty too. Across the stream of the Cam, fuller for the winter rains, with ducks swimming busily under the three-arched bridge of stone, there lies a broad white sheet of lawn, and behind it stands the great house, grey and many-windowed, among its trees. The hill slopes up beyond; and the road—leaving on the right the dark village of Audley—goes over it, tree-sheltered, to Saffron Walden, the spire of whose great church stands out behind the house. Away to the left there stretch to the riverside the ancient stables—once the hostel of a bygone monastery—with their red roofs and dormer windows, and walls of a dull reddish-drab, partly overgrown with creepers. Hereby is the Bull's Head Lodge, on the main road from London to Cambridge and Newmarket; and the head of the bull is to be seen over the gate, even as a grey-green lion yet keeps watch over Lion Lodge, to the right hand of the bridge.

An avenue of limes leads from this Lion Lodge to the house; and thereby stand out great cedars, and chestnuts, alders, tulip-trees, and planes. Two centuries ago the vast palace almost covered those eight acres of lawn that now divide it from the river. The front, that now is, was then the middle; yet it is still a grand and stately front. Audley End is built, like Longleat and many others of its time, in the more or less Italian mixed with Gothic style which, in the sixteenth century, marked the transition from the old fortified castles of fighting chieftains to the mansions of less outwardly warlike noblemen. It is white, with many white-washed mullioned windows along its great three-storeyed line of front, with a high parapet along the top, and quaint green-tipped towers above. The middle of this front is filled by the great hall, whose roof is a storey lower than the rest; to right and left of this stand out two entrances, magnificent square porches, alike in all things: each is two storeys high, with groups of columns at the corners, of marble alternately dark and light.

A great, an old, a famous house, Audley End, unlike many of its peers, has been very fortunate in its historian. The third Lord Braybrooke, father of the present owner, wrote in a handsome folio a full account of the house, its owners, its building, and its decay and partial fall—for it covers now two thirds less ground than of old; with much else of interest about the neighbouring village and town.

And Lord Braybrooke tells the story of the place and its masters not only fully but without favour. He gives us, indeed, some very plain speaking about his early predecessors—who were not, it is true, of his own family. According to this unimpeachable authority, the most notable events of the first few centuries of Audley's history were feats of freebooting and violent deaths, and to them succeeded a time of political begging and stealing.

He says nothing, one may admit, against Ansgar, Master of the Horse to Edward the Confessor, to whom "Waledon" belonged in the days of the saintly King; nor against the brave Geoffrey de Mandeville, to whom, for his valour at Hastings, William I. granted it after the Conquest—with 117 other lordships: a not inadequate reward for any valour. Nor was the son of Geoffrey de Mandeville less a brave warrior, or, as far as we know, a worthy gentleman.

But the first figure in the castle's history which really catches the eye is that of Geoffrey's grandson, another Geoffrey, created by King Stephen Earl of Essex. This noble Earl, as soon as he found that the Empress Matilda was likely to be a benefactor yet more liberal than the King, deserted his monarch with perfect promptitude—and had his reward: at first a lavish, afterwards a just one. He was seized in time by Stephen, was forced to give up his castles of Pleshy and Walden, and soon became no better than a common freebooter.

Highwaymen of his calibre were unknown in Dick Turpin's day. The Earl of Essex got together a band of ruffians, and,

after lesser exploits, attacked the Abbey of Ramsey, turned out the monks, and sold their treasures to pay his followers. The pious gentleman had, not many years before, founded the Abbey of Walden, which is perhaps why it is not recorded that he plundered it. But he seems to have had a special grudge against Ramsey Abbey, and met his death in 1144 in besieging one of its possessions, Burwell Castle, in Cambridgeshire. Rashly fighting with his head uncovered—the day was very hot, though it was in October—he was killed by an arrowshot. "Some of the Knights Templars having carried away his corpse, it was placed in a leaden coffin, and suspended from a tree in the orchard of the Old Temple in London till the sentence of excommunication was annulled, after which the remains were deposited in the churchyard of the New Temple." The Earl's second son, yet another Geoffrey, was restored by Henry II. to the title and estates; but as he left no children by his wife—Eustachia, a cousin of the King's, from whom he was divorced—his surviving brother William became his heir. This third Earl also died childless; and there was much strife as to who should succeed him.

His aunt, Beatrix de Say, seems certainly to have had the best claim; but she was old and infirm, and had a powerful opponent. Geoffrey Fitz-Piers was Chief Justice of England, and one of the mightiest subjects in the realm—"It was he," says Matthew Paris, "that ruled the reins of Government, so that after his death the realm was like a ship in a tempest without a pilot." He claimed in right of his wife Beatrix, who was the eldest daughter and coheir of the eldest son of Beatrix de Say. Now, the old lady had only sent a younger son—the eldest surviving—to represent her before the King: whence Fitz-Piers (who doubtless thought that a Chief Justice ought to do justice to himself) extracted some sort of argument in his own favour. He finally won, however, not by the strength of his argument, but by his rival's failure to pay the sum of 7000 marks for which Richard I. had consented to decide in his favour. When the lion-hearted monarch found that Fitz-Piers was willing to pay cash down, the King promptly granted him estates and title; although it is rumoured that—being, as aforesaid, Chief Justice of England—he only paid 3000 after all.

Geoffrey Fitz-Piers, thus fourth Earl of Essex, died in 1213, and his son Geoffrey succeeded him. The fifth Earl married King John's divorced wife, Isabel of Gloucester, and is said to have paid 20,000 marks for the privilege. He was accidentally killed in a tournament, and was succeeded by his younger brother William, who, like himself, died and left no child.

William entailed his estates and title upon his half-sister, wife of the Earl of Hereford—a lady twice married and once divorced. Upon her death her son, second Earl of Hereford, inherited his mother's earldom also. Always an upholder of the people's rights, he fought in the Barons' War, and was taken prisoner, but made his peace at Court. After him followed five other Earls of Hereford, but on the death, in 1372, of the last of these, young and childless, "the accumulated honours of his illustrious house became extinct in the male line." This last Earl left, however, two daughters, who shared between them the great estates of Hereford, Essex, Northampton, and Brecknock. The elder, Eleanor, married the Duke of Gloucester—Thomas Woodstock, son of Edward III.—and from their marriage came the line of Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham. Her husband and the five succeeding heads of this family died violent deaths—one murdered, two beheaded, three slain in the Wars of the Roses.

Mary, the second sister, married the son of "old John of Gaunt"—that Earl of Derby who was later to become Henry IV. of England. To her son, Henry V., came the manor of Walden, and it remained in Royal hands until late in the days of Henry VIII.; except, indeed, for a grant made of it by Richard III. to the Duke of Buckingham, which was probably not completed when his Royal master made the famous remark whose preservation we owe to Colley Cibber—

Off with his head! So much for Buckingham.

In 1538 the Abbey of Walden, with many another, had been dissolved; and it, and the Manor of Walden too, soon found their way to the ownership of one never tired of taking. He had begun with the Priory of Christchurch, Aldgate, "the first cut in the feast of abbey lands, and I assure you a dainty morsel," says Fuller in his "Worthies of England"; who elsewhere calls such a gift "an excellent receipt to clear the Speaker's voice, and make him speak clear and well for his master."

For it is very notable how plainly Lord Braybrooke, and Campbell in his "Lord Chancellors," and other historians, speak of the baseness and rapacity of Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor of England, and the right hand of the King, among whose descendants were the Earls of Suffolk and Berkshire and Carlisle, the Earls and Marquises of Bristol, and the Lords Howard de Walden.

"We must regret," says Lord Braybrooke (after pointing out the general baseness of politicians under the monarch who "loved a man"), "that a person who had risen by his talents to the greatest offices in the State should have evinced so much greediness in providing for himself from the spoils of the monastic property. . . . Still less can he be justified in having consented to act as High Steward at the trial of his predecessor and friend, Sir Thomas More," or for his great share in doing to her death the Queen Anne Boleyn, always a kind friend to him.

Lord Braybrooke speaks, too, of the

manners of his constant begging-letters to Thomas Cromwell, and of the abject servility of the Parliament under his guidance; and quotes him as a striking example of the class described by Lingard, "whose importunities to the King never ceased, and whose rapacity could never be satisfied." And Lord Campbell is sterner still. "Such a sordid slave does not deserve that we should say more of his vices or demerits," he writes, with the fine vigour of the days when there were Quarterlies. "No cunuch in a seraglio was ever a more submissive tool of the caprice and vengeance of a passionate and remorseless master than was Lord Chancellor Audley."

Yet Lloyd, in his "State Worthies," can find words of the highest praise for such a man, whose abilities were no doubt as remarkable as his lust for money and for place.

Though his great position was self-made, he was a man of old family: the Audleys were seated at Earl's Colne in the time of Henry VI., at all events, and the future Chancellor was probably born in the Hay House there. Apparently he did not go to Oxford or Cambridge; but in 1526 we find him Autumn Reader at the Inner Temple, where he began to make a name by his lectures upon the Statute of Privilege. Three years later he became a Doctor of Laws, and soon after, probably, was made Town Clerk of Colchester. He had a seat in Parliament, and spoke there ably; which, with the favour of the Duke of Suffolk, whose steward he seems to have been, gained him the good graces of the King and the Speakership of the "Black Parliament." Herein, during a sitting of six years, were 376 monasteries suppressed—all those, in fact, whose annual revenues did not exceed £200.

This put into the King's hands revenues of the yearly value of £32,000, with personal property amounting to £100,000. Thomas Audley became a high favourite; he was made next year Attorney-General for the Duchy of Lancaster; in the November following King's Serjeant; on May 20, 1532, he was knighted, and appointed Keeper of the Great Seal; and on Jan. 26, 1532-3, he became Lord Chancellor. "In the exercise of his new functions," says Lord Braybrooke, "Audley proved as subservient to the wishes of his Royal master as he had shown himself upon all former occasions."

In 1538 he was created Lord Audley of Walden, and soon after was installed a Knight of the Garter, in spite of his lack of military distinction. Wealth was lavished upon him; but for this and for honours he still sent up an unceasing cry. Even when the King commanded him to marry, and brought about a match with an illustrious family, Audley was not satisfied—with the financial part of the arrangements.

Many of his letters are preserved, all clamorous for money or place; he even urged in plain words, as a reason for recompense, the disgraceful nature of what he had done for the King: "I have in this world sustained great damage and infamy in serving the Kyng's Highness, which this grant shal recompens." His style of flattery was broad and simple—witness his description of Prince Edward, then a little unhealthy baby a few months old: "I assure your Lordship I never saw so goodly a childe of his age, so mery, so plesant, so good and lovyng countenans, and so earnest an ye, as it were a sage judgement towards every person that repayreth to his Grace. . . . And albeit a tytell his Grace's flesche decayeth, yet he shotyth out in length and weythy ferme. . . . I cannot comprehend nor describe the goodly, towardly qualyteez that ys in my Lord Prynce's Grace."

However, by such means—aided, no doubt, by very uncommon abilities, a pleasant manner, and a never-ceasing caution—Lord Audley became a man of great wealth; and, unlike most of the King's favourites, he retained both wealth and power till his death. He died at his house in Aldgate, after a short illness, in the spring of 1544; and Margaret, his daughter—by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Grey, first Marquis of Dorset—reigned in his stead.

That is to say, she reigned jointly with her younger sister for about two years; but then the latter died, and Margaret was sole heiress. In her brief life of twenty-three years she was married twice. First, at the early age of fourteen, to Henry Dudley, fourth son of the Earl of Northumberland—soon, with his father, to be condemned to death for high treason. (His life was spared, however, and his forfeited lands restored; but he died in 1557, fighting at the battle of St. Quintin's, in Picardy—"without the commendation of a gallant soldier," says Milles, significantly, in his "Catalogue of Honour.")



A PEER AT THE HOUSE.

He left no issue; and in less than six months his widow married again, this time becoming the second wife of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. In six years she bore him five children, and then died. An account is preserved of her magnificent funeral at Norwich, whence her body was removed to the great church of Framlingham, in Suffolk. Here a splendid monument in freestone was raised over her and her predecessor, with space reserved between their figures for that of her successor—for it was the fate of this Duke of Norfolk to be thrice a widower before he was thirty-two years old!

A fine portrait of the Duchess, by Lucas de Heere, hangs in the Great Hall at Audley End. Hers is a bright and modern face, auburn-haired, with a good deal of the decision which one remarks in the faces of women of her time—the time of two Queens. A ready, lively little woman, one would guess her, with plenty of common-sense, perhaps, but with no great depth of feeling.

On the panel on which this picture is painted are the Audley arms, with half their motto—*Invicta*, without the *Sola virtus*. Lord Westmoreland has the corresponding picture, with the portrait of the Duke of Norfolk and the other half-motto. There seems no doubt that the two pictures were originally one, and were cut in half, probably that they might be given to her daughter and his sister.

After all his wives were gone, the Duke of Norfolk began to get into trouble; for he dreamed of a fourth marriage, and lifted his eyes to the unhappy Mary of Scotland. Elizabeth warned him of his danger; once she invited him to dine with her, and as he was leaving the table bade him "to beware on what pillow he rested his head"; but, in spite of his own solemn promise, he continued to plot with her enemy. He was charged with high treason, tried by his peers, and found guilty; and, after much unwillingness and many changes of purpose on the part of the Queen, condemned to death. He was beheaded on Tower-hill, at eight o'clock in the morning of June 2, 1572.

He died bravely, before a great multitude who loved him "incredibly," says Camden, who was there. He made them a speech of farewell, which, as such things reported by eye-witnesses are rare, it may be interesting to quote. After Nowel, Dean of St. Paul's, had asked the people to keep silence, the Duke spoke thus:—

"It is no new thing for men to suffer death in this place, though since the beginning of our most gracious Queen's reign



THE STABLES.

In 1601 Lord Thomas Howard was created Earl of Suffolk. He was also made Lord Chamberlain, and, a dozen years later, became Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and then Lord High Treasurer of England. But when he had been Treasurer four years only he was accused of embezzling public money, was deprived of his staff, thrown into the Tower, and fined £30,000—afterwards reduced, upon his pleading poverty, to £7000.

The guilt of his offence has been attributed chiefly to his wife, of whom one can but say that she was the worthy mother of the two children who afterwards brought infamy so terrible upon their name. She seems to have sold places, to have bribed and been bribed quite openly; and after her husband's death she sank into a notorious and disreputable poverty.

Of their eleven children the eldest—Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk—seems to have been a gallant gentleman, with a taste for poetry. Some verses of his, of no great demerit, are preserved: as thus—

Wronged not, deare mistress of my harte,
The merittes of true passion,
By thinkinge that he feels noe smarte
That sues for noe compassion;
Though that my thoughts doe not approve
The conquest of your beautie,
It comes not from defect of love,
But from excess of dutie.

These lines can hardly have been addressed to his wife, during their courtship; for at the time of their marriage the lady was only eleven years of age. *Five years earlier*, a deed of settlement had been drawn up, "with the full assent and good liking," as it stated, "of Theophilus Lord Walden, and also with the assent and good liking of Lady Elizabeth Hume." Poor little fiancée of six summers!

It was a sister of this Lord Walden whose name was associated with one of the most terrible of *causes célèbres*. The story of Lady Essex (afterwards Lady Somerset) and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury has been told so often that there is no need to re-tell it. Enough that with this generation ended the ownership of Audley End by the Howards, and the evil fate which, hitherto, had seemed to follow its owners.

The fourth Earl of Suffolk was brother of the third, and, like him, left no male heir; but his elder daughter married Lord Griffin of Braybrooke, in Northamptonshire, and from her was descended John Griffin-Whitwell, who in 1788 was created Lord Braybrooke. As he was childless, the title was to descend, and did descend, to Richard Aldworth-Neville of Billingbere, an offshoot of the great Neville family, whose grandson now rules at Audley End.

Of the short history of the present family it needs only to be said that in two generations four of these Nevilles have died fighting for their country, and that the third Lord Braybrooke did a priceless service to all readers by editing and making public the "Diary of Samuel Pepys," until his time hidden and undeciphered in the library of Magdalen College. His brother was Master of Magdalen, as the present Master is brother of the present Lord Braybrooke; and here let me do a tardy justice to the Lord Chancellor Audley by recording one of his truest titles of honour—that he was the founder of Magdalen College, Oxford.

So much for the owners of this famous house: of the history of its making no details are very accurately known. It seems certain, however, that Lord Suffolk, when he set about building his great house, had a model in wood made and sent to him from Italy, at the cost of £500. The English architect who actually built the house was, it is now pretty clear, the famous John Thorpe; and the work took thirteen years—from 1603 to 1616—before it was completed. Most likely, however, the greater part of the house was finished a good while before this, as King James visited his Lord Treasurer in 1610 and 1614. It was then, no doubt, that he made his pawky criticism—that the place was too large for a King, though it might do for a Lord Treasurer.

The cost of such a building must, as has been said, have been enormous; and after its founder's death only two of the Earls of Suffolk appear to have been able to live in it, nor did either of those two keep up the state which such a house requires.

The main building consisted of two enormous quadrangles, the larger of which was pretty, nearly a hundred yards in width, and not very much less in depth. The back line of this quadrangle was that which forms the front of the present house; and the three other sides came forward almost to the banks of the Cam, which is three hundred feet at least from the front door as it stands. A grand entrance gateway, flanked by four circular towers, was approached from the bridge by a double avenue of limes.

Behind this quadrangle was another, the Inner Court, not very much smaller, of which the greater part of three sides still remains. Yet farther back the cellars extended on each side of the bowling-green; and to the north a great wing of kitchens projected, with vast quadrangles of wood-yard, store-yard, and brewhouse-yard, before and beyond it. Behind the storehouse-yard was the Great Pond, and, between this and the back part of the house, the Wilderness.

Piazas ran along the north and south

sides of the principal court, and a magnificent paved terrace stretched down its eastern end, in front of the present house. A bird's-eye view of this palace—certainly, I should think, in its day the greatest house in England—was published, in a set of twenty-four engravings of it, by H. Winstanley, at the time when it was used as a Royal palace indeed, and, simple as it is, gives an extraordinary effect of vastness and dignity. No doubt the dignity depended a good deal upon sheer size; but the result was obtained, at whatever cost, and Audley End must indeed have been, as Evelyn describes it, a "goodly palace. It is a mixt fabrick," he says, "twixt antiq and modern, but observable from its being completely finished; and it is one of the stateliest palaces in the kingdom. . . . The river glides before the palace, to which is an avenue of limetrees; but all this is much diminished by its being placed in an obscure bottom. For the rest, it is a perfectly uniform structure, and shows without like a diadem, by the decorations of the cupolas and other ornaments on the pavilions. Instead of railings and balusters, there is a bordure of capital letters, as was lately also on Suffolk House."

Pepys has also one or two notices of the house, though he seems—on his second visit especially—to have been mainly impressed by the cellars. On Feb. 27, 1659-60, he notes that "the stateliness of the ceilings, chimney-pieces, and form of the whole was exceedingly worth seeing." In the cellars "we drank, most excellent drink, a health to the King" (a toast which needed courage at that moment). "Here I played on my flageolet, there being an excellent echo." On his second visit, seven years later, though he was "mighty merry" there, he was disappointed—"though the figure of the house without be very extraordinary good"—with ceilings, pictures, and hangings. "Only the gallery is good, and above all things the cellars, where we went down and drank of much good liquors. And indeed the cellars are fine; and here my wife and I did sing to my great content."

A very full account of Audley End is given in the "Travels of Cosmo," Hereditary Prince, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany. Here it is mentioned that in 1669 the treaty for the purchase of the place by King Charles II. was going on; and on May 8 of that year the conveyance was executed. The price of mansion and park was £50,000, of which £20,000 was left on mortgage. It is by no means clear that the Earls of Suffolk ever received any of the interest due upon this £20,000; but some thirty years afterwards, in 1701, the fifth Earl received back house and park on condition that he relinquished all claim to the principal. Thus, in effect, the King had paid £30,000 down for thirty years' rent of the palace.

As a fact, however, the Court seems never to have visited Audley End after the death of Charles II., except once, in 1689, when William III. was there. In 1670 we have a record of a "frolic" of the Queen and the Duchesses of Richmond and Buckingham, "to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, wascots, &c., and so goe see the Faire," then being held in the village. Sir Bernard Gascoigne and two others went with them; but "they had all so overdone it in their disguise, and look'd so much more like Antiques than Country folk, that as soon as they came to the Faire the people began to goe after them; but the Queen going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow stockings for her sweet hart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves, stitch with blue, for his sweet hart, they were soon, by their gebrish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them." In brief, they were found out, and had to ride home, followed by a gaping crowd, as quickly as they might.

The story of the house, for half a century after it had ceased to be a Royal palace, is but the story of the decay and fall of by far the greater part of it. It is sad to read of the two destructions of 1721 and 1749, and of the dreary days between. The demolishers in chief were Sir John Vanbrugh, the famous architect, and Lady Portsmouth, who bought the place in 1747. These two names should, one would have thought, have been held in execration at Audley End; but, behold! a monument to the lady iconoclast towers upon the hillside, above the house.

It was, no doubt, because of the excessive size of the house that Vanbrugh advised the pulling down of three sides of the great quadrangle, with the kitchen, offices, chapel, and cellars. He left the Inner Court and the magnificent gallery untouched, and built a lodge some fifteen feet at each end of the north front—which lodges must have been certainly unsightly, and probably useless. An eyewitness tells us how he remembered "going there on an evening to see the buildings taken down, and the noise of the lead being flung off the top of the house to the ground struck my imagination so much, that I have since thought it no unlike scene to what might have been seen all over the kingdom at the end of King Henry the Eighth's reign."

The tenth Earl of Suffolk, and the last of that line, died in 1747, before he had carried out all his intended demolitions. He left no will, and the Earl of Effingham succeeded to his estate for the time without opposition. Afterwards, however, his claim to all but the house and park was successfully challenged; and he was glad to sell the house, with three hundred acres belonging to it, to one of the challengers, Lady Portsmouth, the elder of the two daughters of James, second Lord Griffin. (I may note that the second sister's son, John Griffin-Whitwell, ultimately inherited the whole property. He took the name of Griffin alone, and was created Lord Howard de Walden and Baron Braybrooke of Braybrooke, in Northamptonshire; and from his adopted heir, Mr. Richard Aldworth Neville of Billingbere, Berkshire, the present owner of Audley End is directly descended.)

Lady Portsmouth at first thought of pulling down the house, or turning it into a silk-factory: it was falling into decay, sacking took the place of glass in many of the windows, the furniture had been sold by auction, and the centre cupola



MONUMENT IN THE DEER PARK TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

I am the first, and God grant I may be the last! I acknowledge my peers have justly sentenced me worthy of death; nor have I any design to excuse myself. I freely confess that I treated with the Queen of Scots in things of great moment, without my Sovereign's knowledge, which I ought not to have done, whereupon I was cast into the Tower. But I was afterwards set at liberty, having made an humble submission, and promised upon honour to have nothing more to do with her; yet, I confess, I acted contrary; and this, in truth, disturbs my conscience. But I neither promised nor swore it at the Lord's Table, as is commonly reported. I once conferred with Rudolph, but not to the Queen's prejudice, for there are several which know that I had to do with him about money matters, upon bills and bonds. I found him to be one who envied the peace of England, and forward to contrive any villainy. Two letters from the Pope I saw, but by no means approved of them, nor of the rebellion in the North. I have never been Popishly inclined ever since I had any taste of religion, but was always averse to the Popish doctrine, embracing the true religion of Jesus Christ, and putting my whole trust in the blood of Christ, my blessed Redeemer and Saviour. Yet I must own that some of my servants and acquaintances were addicted to the Romish religion. If in this I have offended either God, the Church, or the Protestants, I pray God and them to forgive me." Then, after reading a Psalm or two, he said, with a loud voice, "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

In a letter of warning to his son, the luckless Duke bade him not to seek preferment in Courts; but all in vain, for Lord Thomas Howard, though a famous warrior—leading his ship brilliantly against the Armada, and recklessly attacking enormous odds—was also a courtier high in favour with the Queen, and during the next reign passed almost his whole life at Court. There he gained much wealth and spent much; it was he who built Audley End, at a cost of £100,000.



TEMPLE ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE RECOVERY OF GEORGE III. FROM HIS ILLNESS IN 1789

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XXIV.



AUDLEY END, SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX, THE SEAT OF LORD BRAYBROOKE

swayed dangerously in every high wind. She spared the house, however, but in an evil hour was persuaded to pull down the whole of the eastern wing.

Her nephew, Lord Howard, soon found that he had to build afresh some way of communication between the north and south wings, both of which had been curtailed and spoilt, while the magnificent gallery between them was gone for ever. This gallery, highly praised both by Evelyn and Pepys, was no doubt the finest thing in the house; it filled the whole first floor of the wing that was pulled down, was 226 ft. long, 24 ft. high, and 32 ft. wide, not counting the bay in the centre, in which a full-sized billiard-table could stand. It was so built, said Mrs. Mary Mapletoft, who died at the age of eighty-five, in 1803—"that if a pin was dropped at one end of the room the sound was distinctly heard at the other."

The next among the "sights" of Audley End was—and, fortunately, still is—the Great Hall upon the ground floor, in the centre of what is now the west and principal front of the house.

One end of this grand room—90 ft. long—is filled by an immense screen of richly carved oak; from the other a double staircase leads upwards, right and left, through a screen of white stone added by Vanbrugh. As the whole room beside is oak-panelled, this stone, with its iron railings, is not in the happiest accord with the rest. Audley End had certainly no cause to bless Sir John—nor, indeed, his employer, who covered the grand oak screen with white paint, which it cost his descendants an infinitude of time and care to remove.

All the oak screen is carved with great figures and quaint adornments; the lofty chimney-piece is enriched with ancient carvings, among them the arms of the seventh Earl of Suffolk and his wife; and the ceiling—magnificent, like all the ceilings of Audley End—is of pure white, divided by beams of oak into forty compartments, in which are crests and cognizances of the Howards. From the brackets silken banners hang.

Besides the full-length portraits which surround the room, there are old crossbows and spears upon the walls, and groups of carving here and there; in the bay window a group in white marble gleams in the western sunlight; and elsewhere are some quaint old wooden figures, most likely Dutch.

Of the pictures I cannot speak in detail: the most interesting are the portrait—it is probably Holbein's—of Lord Chancellor Audley, with a wary, open-eyed, not very noticeable face; and, hung behind a veil, that beautiful painting of the Duchess of Norfolk already spoken of.

A little chamber, hung with tapestry, leads to the summer dining-room, or billiard-room. Here the pictures which most catch the eye are two by Samuel Scott, much after the style of Canaletti—views of the Tower and Westminster Abbey, as seen along the Thames, murky even then.

From these rooms there leads upward, to the top of the building, a most curious oak staircase, of the same date, no doubt, as the house; lofty and square, and so built, says Lord Braybrooke, "that a person ascending the whole height goes two and a half times round the well which it includes." This well, a narrow oblong, is a framework of upright posts, extending from bottom to top, and these posts, being divided into shorter lengths by the various traverses of the stairs and landing-places, are ornamented in a sort of pilaster fashion, and connected by arches at the top of each opening.

The first floor of the southern wing is filled by a magnificent suite of five white and brilliant rooms, of which the first and most magnificent is the Saloon. There is no brighter or lighter room in England than this splendid gallery, with its windows to south and west—the latter in a great recess, raised three steps above the level of the floor. Here, perhaps, were masques acted, in the days of James and Charles, before the array of ladies and gentlemen whose life-size portraits surround the room: it takes but thirteen of them, with two smaller pictures, to fill the walls, sixty feet long, and nearly half as wide. Here are the Chancellor Audley, again, and Lady Portsmouth, the puller-down, and Lely's pretty, piquant Lady Essex Howard.

Of all the rich white ceilings of Audley—all different in their likeness—none is richer than this, encrusted with strange designs of fish (whence this Saloon's old name, the Fish Room), and with points hanging down from each angle of its thirty-two compartments, like stalactites in Staffa.

A great divan completes the comfort of the sunny, dazzling room, so cheerful, though it is as white almost as the snow without, so bright with its gilding which seems to defy the centuries of English weather. The ancestors look down from their panels; as they did in Mr. Gilbert's "Ruddigore"—whose scene might almost have been painted from this—but there is no historic gloom about them. This famous room, at least, is vivid as ever—a room for the living, not a mausoleum for the dead.

Next comes the Drawing-Room, on whose pink walls fine pictures hang, Dutch for the most part; all vigorous and full of life and colour. Very notable in this way is "The Fiddler," by Frank Hals, said to be a portrait of himself, and painted with rare enjoyment and strength; and even more vivid is a picture not Dutch, a very remarkable Canaletti, rich and strong as at his best he was.

Through heavy white-sashed windows this room looks southward to the flower-garden, here sheltered by a most ancient wall; but more is seen of the gardens—their beds all marked out in white on this winter day—from the Great Library, just round the corner. Thence you may behold the fountain in the midst—to which, it is said, the house at first extended—and the monument upon the hill, and Walden church-spire across the park.

The South Library, however, comes first: a bright little room with white bookshelves, and a general lightness and cheeriness which should distress a bookworm and fail to suggest slumber to the general reader. Here is a famous relic—the chair in which Pope was wont to repose, or to prop up, his poor little wizened body; and here a great portrait of Sir John Griffin, Lord Howard de Walden, in his uniform as a General, by the almost-forgotten West.

For the Great Library—yet another room all rich with white and gold, with a different and very beautiful white ceiling—its two chief treasures are a copy of the Aldus Pliny, which would be unique but for one other copy at Florence, and a magnificent Psalter, a folio dating from about the time of Edward I., and filled to overflowing with the richest illuminations. Its gold and colours are as glowing as they were six centuries ago; and in it the Crucifixion, the arms of England and France and of a score of noble families, and the quaintest tailpieces of rabbits, heads without bodies, and funeral services performed by hares and dogs, are painted with equal vigour.

Last of this suite of rooms is the Great Dining-Room, in which hang many of the most interesting portraits of the house. The keen, vicious eyes of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, whose ill-fame keeps his memory green, look at us from the painting by Mark Gerrard; and here is the plump, handsome, rather weak face of a Sovereign of England whose features few of us remember—Mary of England, the second, not the first. Much rarer yet are portraits of another monarch,

for the one in this room is said to be unique. King George II. had, we are told, "an insurmountable objection to sitting for his picture"; yet once an artist, by hiding in a closet which overlooked the principal staircase at Kensington Palace, managed to get opportunities of sketching his face, and so made an excellent—and, one may fairly hope, a quite unflattering—likeness. The artist's name was Pine, and the result is here.

The Picture Gallery justifies its name by the possession of some portraits of the Cornwallis family; but its chief contents are a magnificent assembly of stuffed birds, which, indeed, overflows its limits, and spreads into the corridor below. The collection was made by the present owner's eldest brother, and contains eagles and diver-gulls, white owls and black crows, the bustards to be found in Norfolk not so many years ago, our new visitor, the sand-grouse, parrots of all colours, Scotch game-birds of every kind. Most of the English birds were killed at Audley End, and some of the rarer species were kept in the aviary which was formerly here; and, of the stuffed beasts in the corridor, the badgers were caught at Audley, and the otter in his lifetime was tame about the place, and a great favourite. This corridor is very pretty: till a few years ago its cloisters were open to wind and weather, but it has now been enclosed, much to the comfort and warmth of the whole house.

At the northern end of the great west front of Audley is the chapel, fitted up about a hundred and twenty years ago in a style called by Lord Braybrooke "Strawberry Hill Gothic. A mode of decoration," he adds, "sufficiently objectionable under any circumstances, but perhaps never adopted with less judgment or worse effect" than here. When a nobleman thus describes his own chapel, the outer world may well be silent on the subject.

In Lady Braybrooke's sitting-room are some modern family portraits of interest—those, especially, of the present Lord Braybrooke's two brothers, killed within a few days of each other in the Crimea—and here and in the Picture Gallery are relics and "curios" well worthy to be looked at. Voltaire's snuff-box, with his portrait and an autograph letter; Lord Howard's watch; Queen Anne's drinking-cup; the Garters of Lord Suffolk and Lord Cornwallis; badges of the Cavaliers, and patchboxes of fine ladies of the days which followed theirs; the hair of many people of note, and the hunting-ring of Tippoo Saib, with a bird of prey carved upon it: these mementoes of times and people far apart are here kept carefully and in order.

As, indeed, they well deserve, both for themselves and for their contrast with the relics of a yet earlier age preserved in the little museum that is also a smoking-room. Here are great Roman vases, arms, jugs—not unlike our modern claret-jugs—heavy chains and implements of iron; with primitive British ornaments, bracelets of mere pebbles (and then, a little later, of bits of coloured clay), and bone knife-handles, and—a ghastly survival—some human skin of a Dane once nailed to a neighbouring church-door. Most of these things came from near at hand; very many from the little village of Chesterford, only three miles away.

More modern, again, is the beautiful collection of china, with its fine Worcester and Chelsea ware, and vases of the famous Rose du Berry.

On two sides of the house spread great parks, where, until lately, deer were kept; and there are gardens to the north and east, where flowers bloom all the year round and strawberries are ripe in February. Over twelve acres are contained within the walls of the kitchen-garden; and near at hand is a pretty little rose-garden, where hardy ferns grow among the rocks and a waterfall dashes down. The rushing stream carries off through floodgates the overflow, in times of heavy rain, from the little river; and in a quiet riverside nook is growing a willow, raised from a slip of that which was planted where Raglan fell. Many kingfishers haunt the river, and pike, roach, perch, and sometimes a fine trout swim in its waters. The parks are full of birds: the whole East of England seems to be a famous country for all the game that flies.

Of the long stables, which of old were part of the monastery, mention has already been made; their Norman arches and timbered roof date from days long before those of Audley House. The vast tumbledown barn beside them is empty, except for a store of agricultural machines; but sometimes, in hard weather, the lambs are sheltered there.

Away past the barn, across the Cambridge Road, there are great woods of evergreens and other trees. "The Oaks" are followed by "The Ring," as you mount the hill, and each is a series of long arcades, of wood-paths among thick-growing trees; along their vistas, or the evergreen walk that goes straight down the hill, are many peeps of the house and park and village-spire. At one high point is a fine specimen of the Modern Classical, a Temple to Victory, built in the high Roman fashion in 1755, and curious in its contrast to the village one sees from its windows.

For there is no more ancient, mouldering, and picturesque village in all England perhaps than that whose little street runs down the hill from the parkside. Among its gabled houses of dull, sober colour are the two courts of an ancient almshouse, quaint and older still: one court is used now as a farmhouse, in the other there live ten old women, pensioners of Lord Braybrooke. Of their predecessors in 1835, the youngest were aged sixty-six and sixty-seven; the eldest, eighty-two, eighty-five, and ninety-five—fit inmates of this strange and silent little place, sheltered under the wing of that great younger house, more than two thirds of which have already passed away.

EDWARD ROSE.

The Drapers' Company have subscribed £1000 towards the second £20,000 now being raised to secure for the orphans of persons connected with the retail drapery trade one half of the benefits of the Warehousemen, Clerks', and Drapers' Schools.

The Bristol Chamber of Commerce have adopted a memorial urging the Docks Board, by way of attracting large Atlantic liners to the port, to acquire powers to construct a landing-stage, and extension of the entrance to the lock at Avonmouth Docks, at a cost of £190,000.

Professor Huxley was the recipient of the Linnean medal at the anniversary meeting of the Linnean Society. This medal was instituted three years since, with a view of conferring honour on distinguished biologists. On the first occasion, which was the centenary celebration of the society, two medals were bestowed—one on Sir Richard Owen, the other on Sir Joseph Hooker. Last year the award was made to a botanist, Professor Alphonse de Candolle.

The Thames yachting season opened on May 28 with the Royal London Yacht Club matches, which were sailed in a nice northerly breeze. In the first class match, for yachts exceeding 40 tons rating, Mr. Jameson's new cutter, the Iverna (115 tons), met the Thistle, Valkyrie, Yarana, and Wendur. The finishes were very close. The Thistle eventually finished first, but failed to save her time off Yarana, who won, the timing at the close being as follows: Thistle (£25), 3 h. 50 min. 15 sec.; Iverna, 3 h. 57 min. 53 sec.; Valkyrie, 4 h. 2 min. 36 sec.; Yarana (£50), 4 h. 5 min. 34 sec. Deerhound won the second and Chiquita the third class match.

THE ANGLER'S REST.

The pen of Elia, which after official hours "curveted and gambolled" over the paper according to the freaks of its gifted owner's imagination, would alone fitly describe the quaint surroundings of the Angler's Rest. But that quaint and incomparable pen was only at its best when surrounded by the bricks and mortar actually, and the innumerable associations imaginarily, of London. Grass and trees as seen in his beloved Temple or Gray's Inn gardens, or on Shackwell green, his suburban retreat—which still, far away in unfashionable north-east London, preserves many of the eighteenth-century houses, in one of which probably Charles Lamb lodged, and much of the original aspect which met his eyes—Elia could paint even as he did "Mackery End, in Hertfordshire." Otherwise, much as he loved Wordsworth, he had as strong an affection for the streets as the poet had for the mountains and fields. Had it not been so, the Angler's Rest in its quiet old-world completeness would have been a most appropriate theme for Elia's delicate pencilling, which has a charm entirely its own.

The very name is a description. There is not much rest in the latter days of the nineteenth century, and the Laureate might now make a twelvemonth equal to a "cycle of Cathay." Rest is out of fashion. Leisure has, perhaps, not quite flown like Astrea, but if anywhere found it is among the anglers, who—though hurry and fishing competitions have infected even the contemplative man's recreation—are still, from the necessity of the case, to a great extent leisurely; though some of them fume and fret furiously enough when their time is limited, the last train for town is not far off, and the fish are sulky. Still, if leisure is to be found anywhere among the ghosts of the easy-going eighteenth-century associations, it will be among the anglers.

And here, if anywhere, one might imagine it typified. All around speaks of rest, from the subdued ripple of the river—winding and turning as if, like the Aire, "it had not made up its mind whether it was going to the sea or coming back from it"—to the humming of the bees, whose hives stand in a sunny corner of the old garden, delightfully full of old-fashioned flowers in "most admired disorder," and with great bushes of rosemary, sweetbriar, and syringa, which make the air dainty indeed. A red-tiled house, with Virginia-creepers embowering it and diamond-paned latticed windows; a miniature farm-yard at the side, from which there arises, it must be admitted, an occasional chorus of cocks crowing, calves lowing, and pigs grunting, with a cackling and quacking of poultry which is emphatic at early hours. To this, however, after a day or two in the open air and plenty of work with the fly-rod, one becomes impervious.

This fishing inn is not by any means of the ordinary type. No glass cases of fish, more or less magnificent, with inscriptions of weight and particulars, more or less accurate, as to their ultimate appearance in the glass cases, adorn the walls of the coffee-room. No store of supplementary rods, tackle, and flies is to be found in case of necessity, nor is there a selection of angling literature.

For that matter there is no "coffee-room" (whatever that much-abused name may mean) at all. A parlour runs the length of the house. The front window looks on a country road, only separated from the inn by a horse-trough, shaded by "some immemorial elms." The back-window view is far more grateful to the eye, as it looks on a long garden rich in varied blossoms which ends on the river-bank, along which run some posts and rails, to one of which is moored an ancient punt. Garden, rails, punt, and river itself just here (the willows on the opposite side dipping long branches into the stream) are all equally suggestive of rest, too much so for the very energetic angler given to that too frequent fashion of "record making." Rather is the fisherman who finds this quiet retreat of the *dilettante* order, much given to smoking and dreaming as well as plying the rod. He is in union with his surroundings, for the village folk share the views expressed by the Eastern ones as to hurry. Nor will the fisherman who wants plenty of attendance find this a locality which much delights him.

But if you are able and willing to handle a punt-pole and to eat a good deal of bacon and eggs, home-made bread and cheese, and drink home-brewed beer, which, though none too strong, is nothing like the "small acid tiff" sung in the "Splendid Shilling," and, generally speaking, to take things easily, nor want any newspapers (we are six miles from a railway, and the "trap and pony" are only now and then available), you may pass a very delightful lotus-eating time here with rod, landing-net, and pipe.

The river is by no means one which a past master in the craft would term an ideal trout-stream. There are trout, and big ones, but other fish abound, besides the aristocratic ones, for

With here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

there are pike lurking in some of the slow-flowing deeps at the bends of the rushes, perch under the shade of the willows, chub sailing lazily by some pollards, and a swarm of roach and dace on the shallows. But there are a few long stretches of gravel over which the swift waters sparkle wherein to a deftly thrown fly are chances of a trout in highest condition and colour, and, in the autumn, a silver graceful grayling. Here and there the whole broad surface of the stream invites the fly, and affords scope for a direct cast right athwart the water, while a delightfully shelving bank is at the angler's feet, with just that agreeable slope which makes it so easy to coax the fish, when the contest is over, into the landing-net. And just here, at dewy eve, is some of the best fishing. Big trout are evening diners. To stand by the bank and send with practised hand the delicate line, with a "stone-midge" and "bracken-clock" or "blackgnat" affixed, across the rippling water, is probably to ensure some good fish for the basket; if you are satisfied with gains "fit though few."

It is more, however, of the Angler's Rest than of the river that we would specially speak here. In a remote corner, "far from the madding crowd," with comforts enough, but no luxuries, with a very small rural population, refreshingly interested in chronicling very small beer and knowing nothing of "special editions"; with fields and trees and ruminative cows and birds in such variety all around as would have delighted Gilbert White, a man who is the "contemplative angler" of two centuries ago might well think himself in the company of Izaak Walton's reverend shade. The house is old. Old are its ways. The landlord is no fluent host accustomed to urban anglers and cyclists, who demand much and pay accordingly. The landlady is a buxom woman with a tinge of provincial accent and proverbial wisdom which recalls a vague idea of the immortal Mrs. Poyser. Both, however, are gifted with that incomparable quality, for praising which Lord Melbourne deserves immortality, of "letting not it" but *you* "alone." You can do as you please, nor be bored by suggestions, loquacity, or interference. A few quaint old books and local papers, over which some people, at any rate, can find delightful evenings, are in the ancient parlour, and help to intensify the repose which inside and outside characterises the Angler's Rest.

F. G. W.



VIEW FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER.



A RETIRED OFFICER.

LOOKING AT A BATTLE PICTURE.

A YOUNG OFFICER.

If it be true, after all our conscious and laborious efforts, in this advanced age of modern "culture," to get up enthusiasm for the beauties of Nature, and for the marvels of Science, and for the triumphs of Art, and for the ingenious products of Manufacture—above all, for the costly splendours of Wealth, that "the proper study of Mankind is Man"—no exhibition can be so truly interesting as the crowd of visitors to the exhibition. The collections of articles displayed have, indeed, a secondary human interest as evidence of human skill and knowledge, taste and fancy; the sympathy of admiring spectators is also recognised as a pleasing and wholesome human sentiment.

The Army is a grand profession, as well as a needful Public Service. Yonder, in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, one may see a good deal of its apparatus and equipment, old and new, which in Millennial days shall be found nowhere but in antiquarian Museums; and there are pictures of famous battles, portraits of illustrious Generals, trophies and commemorative medals, of great historical interest, which every Briton must contemplate with just pride in the valour of his country's soldiers.

Yet the subjects of our present Sketches, the figures of some of the people who visit the Military Exhibition, would be quite as well worth thinking about, if we would try to feel with them, especially with the soldiers and officers of every rank, the veterans and the gallant youths, and to sympathise with that noble feeling of corporate duty and honour which is the moral compensation for all the mischief and misery of warfare. Whoever studies the actual condition of our race from the most elevated point of view, praying the Christian

prayer, "Give us Peace in our time," will yet confess that War has, like much other social and physical evil, been converted into the opportunity of exercising the highest manly virtues; and it is not the soldiers, but some of the baser sort of populace at home, who may be demoralised by vain exultation in the event of a victorious campaign. For the old pensioners, now quietly reposing and listening to the band—for the retired Major or Colonel, whose life has been spent in toilsome work for Queen and country, till his health failed in the bad climates of remote Imperial dominions—for the young subaltern, who intends to do his duty in the same faithful spirit—we entertain a high respect. And so does the gentle girl who is just now looking at a picture in the Battle Gallery; one of those visitors to the Military Exhibition more interesting, as we say, than the Exhibition itself. Another Sketch is a military connoisseur inspecting a new pattern of uniform.



THE OLD ORDER CHANGES: UNIFORM AND ACCOUTREMENT (LAY FIGURE).

CHELSEA PENSIONERS LISTENING TO THE BAND.



SKETCHES OF MILITARY LIFE: ARRIVAL OF THE NEW SUBALTERN.

BEGINNING A MILITARY LIFE.

The arrival of a young subaltern, newly admitted to her Majesty's service, at the headquarters of his regiment, may be a trying ordeal to bashful simplicity naturally anxious for the esteem of his future comrades; but it is much the same with inexperienced and sensitive youths entering their College at the University, or coming to associate, for the first time, with those who have already passed the preliminary steps in any office or profession. An attitude of reserve and cautious observation, with due politeness and civility, is really of better promise than immediate demonstrations of effusive friendship. The stranger has to find safety in calm and steadfast self-possession, and in strictly maintaining the ordinary rules of gentlemanly behaviour, not showing any particular solicitude for a close intimacy with one or another, but seeming to rely on the supposed general goodwill of appointed companions, and on his own sincerity of purpose, for their better acquaintance in days to come. In all matters of social intercourse, and in every rank or class, military or civil, the comfort of life is most apt to be sacrificed to an excessive eagerness for the favourable regard of others, or to the dread of missing an opportunity of recommending oneself to their notice. No wiser advice can be given to the young man than those Shakspearean precepts—

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't so the opponent may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
This above all: To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the light the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

Nineteenth Century.—Miss Beatrice Potter examines the Report of the House of Lords' Committee on the Sweating System. Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., exhibits his plan of Penny Postage for the British Empire. The management of racing and the practice of betting are discussed by Mr. G. Herbert Stutfield. Another witness, Lieutenant J. A. Campbell, formerly Sergeant-Major of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, contradicts Ex-Sergeant Palmer's stories of the action at Tel-el Kebir. "New Wine in Old Bottles," by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, is a Catholic's warning against tendencies to theological disintegration in the recent volume of essays called "Lux Mundi," by certain Oxford High Churchmen. A kindly, learned, and humorous parish clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, says a good word for village almshouses. Mr. W. S. Lilly criticises and analyses "Le Disciple," the latest work of a powerful French author, M. Paul Bourget. The Chairman of the Labour Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce, Mr. S. B. Boulton, who has had forty years' experience as an employer of labour, proposes a scheme for settling disputes in every London trade. The Duke of Argyll concludes his scathing exposure of the villany of the notable Irish revolutionary conspirator Theobald Wolfe Tone. The first year's doings of the London County Council, under its first Chairman, Lord Rosebery, are favourably reviewed by Alderman Frederic Harrison. Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Henry Irving, and Mr. Charles Wyndham give their testimony in favour of the management of theatres by actors possessing the required business faculty.

Contemporary Review.—Two strenuous opponents of the Government proposal for giving compensation to holders of public-house licenses, which may be terminated by the "local option" of the County Councils, are Cardinal Manning and Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., who vigorously contend against it in this magazine. Professor Thorold Rogers also touches on this question in the concluding paragraphs of his essay on the historical development of the principle of "vested interests" in modern legislation. The Lord Chief Justice publishes his lecture, delivered last year to an audience of law-students at Birmingham, on the changes that have been made, since he was called to the Bar forty-two years ago, both in the law and in the rules and practice of that profession. Professor Edward Caird's examination of the theology and ethical philosophy of Dante's "Divina Commedia" has considerable literary interest. The American system of constructing special monopolist trading or manufacturing corporations by the legal contrivance of "Trusts," such as the Standard Oil Trust, the Sugar Trust, the White Lead Trust, and many others, is exposed by Mr. Robert Donald, showing its mischievous effects. "Brought back from Elysium," by Mr. J. M. Barrie, is a satirical imaginary dialogue between four contemporary novelists, of different schools, and the ghosts of Dickens and Thackeray, Walter Scott, Fielding and Smollett, till Mr. H. M. Stanley turns them out for a quick-march of real adventure. Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe, Q.C., exhibits some of the legal perils to which trustees of property may unwarily become liable. Mrs. Crawford's review of the exhibition, in Paris last year, of portraits and busts of the notabilities of the great French Revolution, is lively and picturesque. The present condition of the rural districts of Palestine, and of the native population, is described by Mr. T. Hodgkin, with suggestions for its improvement. The Rev. H. R. Haweis endeavours to reconcile the acceptance of existing theological formulas and ecclesiastical ordinances in the Established Church with the utmost freedom of religious thought and frankness of confession; his article is entitled "The Broad Church; or, What's Coming?" The Duke of Argyll takes exception to some of Mr. Rae's views concerning the propriety of "the betterment tax," or the principle of levying part of the cost of local improvements on land or buildings thereby gaining an increased value.

Fortnightly Review.—The general aspects of the forest region of Equatorial Africa, with the wild animals, the cannibals, and the draws, are described by M. Du Chaillu, from his observations thirty-five and twenty-five years ago, but in a different part to that recently explored by Mr. Stanley. Professor Dowden's critical essay on the poetry of Donne, contributed to the Elizabethan Literary Society, is a valuable study of that kind. The romantic scenery of Helgeland, including Lake Rösund, in Norway, with the large Vefsen estate of the "North of Europe Land Company," is described by Sir H. Pottinger in his agreeable narrative of a tour. Mr. Coventry Patmore descants on the quality of "distinction" in style and manner. Some notes of the early history of licensing the sale of drink in England are supplied by Dr. J. C. Cox. The material prosperity of the rival Australian Colonies, New South Wales and Victoria, is compared by Mr. G. H. D. Gossip, much to the disadvantage of the former, with reference to the merits of Protection and Free Trade. Mr. J. D. Boucher's account of the working of Parliamentary politics in Greece is by no means flattering, but he awards high praise to the able and upright Minister, Charilaos Trikoupes, who is ranked with M. Bratiano, in Roumania, and M. Stambouloff, in Bulgaria, as one of three great statesmen in South-Eastern Europe. The position of preferential claimant allowed to landlords, compared with other creditors, by the present state of the law, is discussed by Mr. R. C. Richards in a spirit

not favourable to the privileges of the landed interest. An eminent physician of Paris, Dr. J. Luys, furnishes a precise and methodical summary of the results of systematic experimental researches in hypnotism, which are now exciting much attention. Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Oswald Craufurd bring their controversy on the position of the dramatic art and London theatrical management to a more definite issue.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The story of Polish and Russian social life under the oppressive conditions still prevailing, which is entitled "A Secret Mission," seems likely to become interesting. Professor Veitch investigates the origin of a well-known Scottish ballad, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow." The military performances of last year on the Egyptian frontier of the Soudan, above Wady Halfa on the Nile, have somehow missed the share of public notice which they deserved; but the Commander, Wodehouse Pasha (Lieutenant-Colonel Wodehouse, R.A.), with Hunter Bey (Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter) as second in command, are here shown, in a correct narrative of the whole campaign, to have conducted those operations, with the Egyptian and Soudanese native troops, from the battle of Argin to that of Toski, with consummate skill and the most complete success, entirely destroying the Mahdi's hostile force. There is a good description of Jamaica, its plantations, and varied agricultural resources, and its negro population; an article on the Portuguese in South Africa, the Zambesi, and the Makololo, by Mr. Daniel Rankin; and one treating of Irish Land Purchase, with several tales and light essays.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mrs. Oliphant's story, "Kirsteen," is near its conclusion. Mr. George Saintsbury contributes a judicious criticism of De Quincey, and Mr. Harold Perry a well-written account of early attempts by Prussian or Brandenburg rulers, from 1679 to 1717, to acquire maritime power and colonial dominion. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's tale of a young native girl in India, the wife of an Englishman, is very touching.

Murray's Magazine.—The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley is a genuine poet; but his "Welcome to Stanley," an ode which deals too much in prolix details of narrative and description, and which is cumbersome in its metrical construction, does not strike us as a good piece of lyric verse; we greatly prefer his sonnets. Mr. W. E. Norris continues his novel, "Marcia"; and Mr. George Slight comments with sound judgment on the principles of "Trade Unionism, New and Old."

Longman's Magazine, the Cornhill, the Gentleman's, the English Illustrated, East and West, Temple Bar, Time, and others, contain articles worth reading. Of the American monthlies, *Scribner's Magazine* has the advantage of a contribution by Mr. Stanley, relating some passages of his expedition through the African forest. *The Century, Harper's, the Atlantic Monthly, and Lippincott's* are not poorly supplied. *The United Service Magazine* presents a memoir of the young Duc d'Orléans, a renewed protest against the Channel Tunnel, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's amusing report of some young officers' talk about their adventures in Burmah.

NOVELS.

Beatrice. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)—Beatrice is not "She"; and the author of so many famous supernatural and subterranean romances, the literary parent of immortal females reigning in golden palaces by gifts of prehistoric magic amid the caverned rocks of the African desert, and presiding over terrible orgies of blood and flame, is not quite at home in the affairs of English womanhood, ruled by the ordinary habits of domestic and social life. Miss Beatrice Granger, from her name, can hardly be of Welsh family, though she is the younger daughter of a poor clergyman, who cannot get his tithes paid, in the village of Bryngelly, on the coast of North Wales. Like almost every other modern heroine, she has lost her mother, and, with a sordid father and a fiendish elder sister, has contrived to grow up a miracle of feminine grace, with the faculties and accomplishments of both sexes, particularly expert in swimming and boating, a good Latin scholar, learned in the latest scientific doubts concerning religion, also in Equity and Common Law, and the salaried mistress of the parish school; moreover, though an advanced freethinker with regard to theology, she writes her father's sermons. This noble young person is wont to paddle her own canoe, by day or night, amid the rocks and fierce sea-currents of that perilous coast, to the astonishment of experienced boatmen; and when Mr. Geoffrey Bingham, a London barrister, lingering too late with his gun to shoot curlews, is picked up by Miss Beatrice, and the canoe is caught by a terrific storm, we feel sure that it is the beginning of a sublime mutual affection, notwithstanding that they both sink, and are apparently drowned. She has grasped him by the hair of his head, which must have been too long for a barrister's wig to cover; both equally inanimate, they are lifted out of deep water. The process of resuscitation is performed in twenty minutes for Geoffrey, but in the case of Beatrice it takes three or four hours. After such a Providential or fatalistic experience in their first meeting, with the further intimacy permitted by his sojourn at the Vicarage, there cannot fail to be an impassioned union of kindred souls, to which she leads the way by telling him, in their very next conversation, of her mystic dream—something about a shuttle with two threads on it, her life and his, a ray of light from his heart touching her bosom, and then "Hope rending her starry robes." All this is very fine, and worthy of the author of "She," but is not the usual behaviour of a clergyman's daughter at home, of "the fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she," as Shakspeare says in "As You Like It," who sits on the garden lawn in so many domestic novels.

The incongruity of these characters with their circumstances is the more alarming, because Geoffrey Bingham is a married man, with his wife, Lady Honoria, and their sweet child, little Effie, actually lodging in the village. Although her Ladyship is the most heartless, selfish, intolerably insolent wife that ever a man had to put up with, and her husband cannot have the least affection for her, his principles of morality forbid the slightest approach to an actual transgression of conjugal vows. The ardent love between him and Beatrice, heightened by much confidential talk and by many letters exchanged after his return to London, is supposed to be purely Platonic. It excites no uneasiness in the coldly frivolous and worldly mind of Lady Honoria, who only wants to shine alone in fashionable ball-rooms, and complains only of the lack of money for her dresses, lace, and jewels. But human nature, and that of the sex, of which Beatrice is a vigorous specimen, cannot safely endure the terms of avowed exclusive attachment to a man whose heart is fully responsive to hers, with the understanding that they are never to be more than friends. Not discussing the serious question whether true womanly and manly virtue might not enjoin the entire renunciation of such a perilous kind of intercourse, we readily acquit the author of spoiling his portrait of Geoffrey and Beatrice by allowing them to be involved in positive guilt. There is no such act or intention; but he has endeavoured, by an incident grossly conceived and clumsily narrated, to bring into his story the tragical effect of a loss of the young woman's

maiden reputation. It is a disagreeable thing to mention, and would be shocking, if it were not absurdly grotesque in the detailed account of it; but it is essential to the plot of this ill-considered tale. Beatrice, then, is not only a dreamer, a spirit-medium, a person whose words, gestures, and secret thoughts are mysteriously transmitted at any distance to her absent lover; she is also a somnambulist, and so, one fatal night, rising from her bed, she walks unconsciously into his bed-room. There she awakes, to her horror, and instantly falls into a swoon. Any physician, we believe, might inform Mr. Haggard that this would not be the natural effect: instead of fainting at once, from such a shock to her feelings, she would scream in violent hysterics, alarming the whole household. But she is described as becoming again utterly unconscious, whereupon Geoffrey, instead of calling in her sister, as a prudent man would do, carries her back to her own room, and she knows nothing about it until she is told. This incident, which seems on physiological grounds extremely improbable, and which is objectionable in point of delicacy though not of morality, constitutes the mainspring of dramatic force in Mr. Rider Haggard's novel.

No great harm would come of such an adventure, perhaps, in a family of honest, kindly, judicious persons, confident of the maiden's known high character, and of the honour of their guest, both previously above suspicion. But the elder sister, Elizabeth Granger, is a devil in petticoats, the very worst of devils; she wants to marry Owen Davies, the stupid rich squire of the neighbouring castle, who has long wanted, for his part, to marry Beatrice. Therefore, having seen Geoffrey Bingham carrying the innocent girl back to her room, Elizabeth, supposing all that is wrong and shameful, denounces her sister, in the presence of Mr. Davies and Mr. Granger, threatening a public disgrace. Mr. Bingham, who ought to have frankly communicated the painful affair to the girl's father, has gone back to London, where he is now gaining a lucrative practice at the Bar, assisted by her marvellous sagacity in difficult cases of imperfect evidence, and where he is a rising M.P., likely to be made a Cabinet Minister. Poor Beatrice sees the prospect of ruin and infamy before her, since the explanations now proffered by Geoffrey and herself obtain no credit with her own family. She further imagines, though Lady Honoria is not likely to make a great scandal of the matter, that Geoffrey's chances of advancement—say, of becoming Attorney-General—will be irretrievably blasted, if he is accused of improper conduct in the remote village of Bryngelly. So, being a noble-minded heroine, she resolves on suicide, to escape from her own sorrow and to save the social reputation of her manly friend. Slipping out of the house and travelling alone to London, she gets into the Ladies' Gallery to hear Geoffrey speak in the House of Commons; then returns to Bryngelly, once more paddles her own canoe, and seeks her death in the whelming waves of the open sea. It is a pity that Beatrice did not wait two or three days longer, for by that time Lady Honoria's lace dress had caught fire, and she had died, leaving Geoffrey free; by that time, also, Geoffrey had become heir to a baronetcy and £8000 a year. One ought not to be so rash as she was, from first to last; but we could never rely on her discretion when she went out to sea in her frail canoe.

The Bishops' Bible. By D. Christie Murray and H. Herman. Three volumes. (Chatto and Windus.)—The last novel by these authors, "John Vale's Guardian," has left strong reminiscences of the humours of English rural life in a part of the North Midlands, which we take to be Staffordshire, around Castle Barfield and Heydon Hey, where the village of Thorbury, at the time of the Crimean War, possessed one of the noblest and most amiable of Christian gentlemen in its benevolent Rector. It is refreshing, just now, when some novelists have taken a fancy to invent exceptional specimens of depravity or imbecility among the clergy of the Established Church, to meet with such an admirable character as the Rev. Dr. Hay, whose troubles on account of the loss of a sacred treasure of literary antiquity—a copy of the rare edition of the Bible printed by authority of the Bishops in 1568—are the main business of the story. His habitual antagonist in parish disputes, Isaac Stringer, the churchwarden, a purse-proud, burly, stubborn tyrant, conceited and cruel, but not without a surly honesty of purpose, learns from an expert in bibliography that the original volume, kept in the church, has been exchanged for a spurious imitation. The authentic "Bishops' Bible" would fetch several hundred pounds as a curiosity; and this pig-headed, malicious parish churchwarden, a sturdy, ignorant Protestant, accuses the Rector of having fraudulently sold it, if not for his own profit, to pay for what he considers needless restorations of the building and Papistical innovations in divine service. Stringer's Puritanic fury, or stern hatred of the Rector's tasteful improvements, has already been demonstrated in a very amusing scene, where he takes his gentle daughter Mary, with her scissors, into the vestry, and compels her to cut up the surplices of the choir.

The persecuted clergyman, behaving with sublime meekness and courage, has to endure still worse misfortunes. A fire breaks out in the church, while the workmen are employed in the projected alterations; Stringer, before a crowd of excited neighbours, dares to say that the Rev. Dr. Hay has set the church on fire in order to destroy the spurious book, the evidence of his fraud. The Rector answers by an heroic action—walks into the blazing chancel and brings out the volume, which was fastened to the lectern by a silver chain. He is severely burnt, and his eyesight is quenched for life. The fact is that the true ancient Bible has recently been stolen by two cunning London tricksters, Messrs. Andrew Macwraith and Luitpold Reinemann, whom Dr. Hay had called in to mend its stained and tattered pages. By the help of Mr. Martin White, an eminent scholar conversant with the trade in scarce books, this roguery is traced to the actual culprits. Mr. Stringer is obliged not only to recant his false accusation, and to ask pardon, but to feel overwhelming gratitude to the Rector, now blind though otherwise restored to health, who has travelled to London and defrayed heavy legal expenses to save Mr. Stringer's discarded son Joseph, a private in the Life Guards, from conviction under a mistaken charge of felony. In return for this act of generosity, the redoubtable churchwarden, his heart being now thoroughly softened, undertakes a journey to Leipzig, accompanied by Mr. White, to repurchase the original Bishops' Bible, which costs him, altogether, nearly £800; and it is safely replaced in Thorbury parish church. The pleasant interest of love-making is not deficient in this lively story; the Rector's charming niece, Ophelia, is engaged to Frank Boyer, son of the irascible headstrong Squire; and that old gentleman, having quarrelled with the clergyman for his undue mercy to a poacher, behaves for a time rather like a domestic bully. Mr. Bowyer, however, as well as Mr. Stringer, must finally confess his ill-will subdued by the Christian virtue of good Dr. Hay, who wins a blessed victory of long-suffering fortitude, charity, and dignified cheerfulness over the unworthy passions in the minds of his chief parishioners—a wholesome story, better than many sermons, and very agreeable to read.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

A correspondent of a scientific journal has lately placed on record some curious facts with reference to the vitality of beetles. It appears that the men employed in breaking up a disused gasometer at Home Park Mills, King's Langley, spoke to him of some "very curious beetles," which were living in the rusty water at the bottom of the hole left when the iron casing had been removed. Both the water and mud were strongly impregnated with gas. The beetles proved to be of the *D. marginalis* species, and were there in some numbers. Many were carried away when the water was pumped off, but Mr. Hall secured specimens from the mud and shallow water left. He says: "They carry with them a strong odour of gas, even after two or three fresh-water baths, and the grooves in the elytra [or wing-cases] of the females are filled with a ferruginous mud which is difficult to remove. In other respects they appear to be quite normal in form and colour. I think this old gasholder must have been their home for a long period of beetle-life, judging from the time of year when they were found—a fortnight ago—and from the number of both sexes seen. The water was partly enclosed and quite stagnant, being unconnected with any other water. Were they there by choice? (asks Mr. Hall). If not, why did they not emigrate? Most likely they came there by chance (he adds), as they are plentiful in the canal not far away, and, lacking the inclination to depart, 'made themselves at home.' Had the water been disagreeable to them, we may presume they would not have done so; they were quite active when disturbed." A parallel instance to this may be found in the vitality of snails, which, on one occasion, came out of their shells after a fifteen years' sleep through the shells having been accidentally placed in water. It is probable that experiments on the relative degrees of vitality possessed by animals might reveal a series of astonishing facts regarding the continuance of life under conditions which, at first sight, would appear to be essentially destructive to life.

One may naturally feel interested in the question of the increase of our population, which in itself forms a condition of supreme importance in determining many phases of success and prosperity in social life. Recently I lighted upon an abstract of a paper contributed by Dr. Ogle to the Statistical Society, on the alleged depopulation of the rural districts of England. As the conclusions at which Dr. Ogle has arrived must prove interesting to all thinking persons, I make no apology for quoting his results in full. He concludes as follows: 1. That towns and manufacturing districts, at all times and in all countries, grow faster than, and at the expense of, the rural districts. 2. That the result of the continuous immigration of the best of the rural population to the manufacturing districts is a gradual deterioration of the physique of the whole nation. 3. That the population of rural England, towns of 10,000 and upwards excluded, has been

practically stationary, or decreased to the extent of 1 per cent. or 2 per cent. at the outside. 4. That, although the aggregate population has been stationary, there has been a marked decrease in certain districts. 5. That the decline began between 1851 and 1861, and has been continuous. 6. That the decline is due to migration of young people (under twenty-five years, chiefly), and has been larger among women. 7. That until 1851 the rural population was increasing; that emigration then set in, and there is now a diminution of population under fifty-five years and an increase of those above that age. 8. That the maximum decrease has been in agriculturists and rural handicraftsmen; that compulsory education has almost destroyed the trade in hand-made lace; that a part of the reduction of population in rural England is due to a reduction in the number of drink vendors. 9. That there has been an increase (both absolute and relative to the diminished population) among those engaged in transport of goods, among shopkeepers, domestic servants, the professional classes, and teachers. Finally, Dr. Ogle thinks the rural population of England has more money to spend and more comforts than in 1851; and this last is in itself perhaps a certain compensation for the decrease to which he alludes.

I observe that my friend Dr. B. W. Richardson has of late been warning people against excessive devotion to cycling as conducive to malformation of the bones and to muscular strain. Popularly translated, Dr. Richardson's views are, that while no one may object to cycling, indulged in quietly and within reasonable limits, the exercise, when evolved into the "sport" stage of things, is apt to be attended with serious physical results. Now, I think this view has been proved to be thoroughly true; but it is one, of course, which holds good of every other form of physical recreation. I should place the professional and rabid lawn-tennis on a level with the devotee of pedestrianism or the break-record fanatic at cycling. Little wonder is it that Hodge is given to remark that "Some folks takes their pleasures main hard" when he sees a cyclist, who should know better, perspiring and puffing along the road under a hot summer sun, or courting heart-strain by persisting in his efforts to ride up a hill which should be taken walking. Perhaps it is the fate of every form of recreation that it should become more or less "professionalised"—if I may coin a word—and degraded from its original pure health-giving aim, to be made the topic of bets and a sight for crowds, at which reasonable folks may feel somewhat inclined to weep. But good, sober, honest cycling, I think, will have nothing to fear from Dr. Richardson's criticism, and he would be the last man, I know, to decry such a healthy form of exercise. To cycling, many of us owe a freedom from the ailments that afflict the lazy, just and unjust alike; and the moral of the physician's teaching is, that, so long as we avoid excessive strain and repel all inducement to outdo some silly feat or other in the way of speed, we may still amble along, and enjoy fresh air and exercise as becomes sensible folks.

I sincerely trust we have all heard the last of the fasting men. For years past, I confess, the announcement that Mr. This, or Signor That, or Dr. Somebody Else, had undertaken to live on water and air (with a pinch of some mystic herb thrown in now and then) for a given number of days has roused all my latent and slumbering indignation—of a scientific kind. Ever since Dr. Tanner began the rôle of popular entertainer in the abstention line, we have had renewals of his practice, until the fasting man has become a social nuisance. For one thing, we have been taught little that is new, so far as I can see, by any of these experiments. It is no new thing for physiology to declare that, given enough water and air, the human frame will hold out for many days; ultimately succumbing, of course, if the abstention from other food be carried too far, for the reason that out of water and air alone, we do not get all we want in the way of bodily sustenance.

Imprisoned miners and starving sailors taught us this much ages ago; and, save for a few inconsiderable conclusions regarding bodily waste which have appeared in the transactions of a certain learned society, I am at a loss to discover the end served by these fasting *séances*—save, indeed, the perfectly laudable one of filling the pockets of the faster. The old lady who remarked that there were "many ways of making a living" might have added to her stock of experience in these latter days. And now that the latest fasting man has successfully endured his ordeal, and has departed, may I express the scientific hope that we shall hear no more of such feats? They "never will be missed" by science, at any rate, however commendable they may appear in the eyes of the public. If there is also another person who never would be missed, I suggest the professional "mesmeriser" as a subject for oblivion. From all I have read of the performances of such persons, I can only characterise them as fitted to inspire disgust. France and Belgium are wise in their day and generation when they forbid all such public exhibitions by irresponsible persons.

ANDREW WILSON.

The studentships of £10 each offered by the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, the Marquis of Ripon, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, to enable selected students attending lectures in connection with the London University Extension Society to attend the summer meetings at Oxford or Cambridge, have been awarded. In order to encourage the student element at the various local branches, it was announced that two of the studentships would be awarded at the centres presenting the largest number of candidates for examination at the end of the term. The two centres which head the list in this respect are Woolwich and Tottenham, each of which sent up fifty-six candidates. The studentship was awarded to Miss Lucy Taylor at the former centre, and Mr. Edward T. Hodge at the latter. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' studentship, offered in connection with the courses at Gresham College, has been awarded to Miss Mary A. Foster.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

Once more the public stands indebted to Mr. M. L. Mayer for another season of French Plays, and, as usual, he gives us not only the best available talent, but shows us the plays that have been most discussed in recent Parisian seasons. Instead of engaging individual artists, and making up a scratch company, the impresario very wisely brings over the whole available force of some of the best-known theatres. For instance, this week we see Alphonse Daudet's "La Lutte pour la Vie" played exactly as it was at the Paris Gymnase, with one very noteworthy exception. M. Lafontaine is not here to give his original conception of old Vaillant, the "receveur des postes" whose daughter is ruined by the contemptuous Paul Astier, though his place is very respectably taken by a clever actor—Devau. In other respects the cast is exceptionally strong, for we have Madame Pasca in her original character of Maria Antonia, M. Marais as the cold-blooded cynic, and would-be murderer of his wife, who is shot down like a rat by the father of the girl he has ruined, at the conclusion of this extraordinary play. I ask myself, when all is over, when I have listened to sham philosophical disquisitions tediously protracted, when I have been introduced to this curious mixture of modern conversation and sensation melodrama, when I have attended to the eternal chatter about Darwinism and Struggle-for-Lifers and the survival of the fittest, when I have seen the two only dramatic moments in the play—first, when Paul Astier turns moral coward and dares not carry out the murder he has planned; and, lastly, the death of the sham hero while the sale of his wife's chateau is taking place—whether Alphonse Daudet's play has not been considerably overpraised as a work of art. Clever it may be, but no one would pronounce "La Lutte pour la Vie" a good play. I should be disposed to call it a very tedious one, and I very much fear that Mr. Robert Buchanan, unless he cuts away right and left, would find it very difficult to make it an interesting work for an English audience. Several of the acts are utterly superfluous, notably the third, which, however, might be saved if the Lydia and her honest bourgeois lover understood the dramatic position in which they are placed. Mlle. Darlaud and M. Burguet are not clever enough to make bricks without straw. In Pasca's performance there were, no doubt, some very fine moments, and so there were in that of Paul Astier by M. Marais. The one was refined, well dressed, and cruelly calm; the other, insolently heartless. But how is it possible to take a very strong interest in a hero who is a blackguard and in a heroine who, not to put too fine a point on it, is a fool? A heartless, selfish, extravagant fellow marries a woman old enough to be his mother—for her money. The woman is deceived, and breaks her heart. Nay, she goes out of her way to emphasise her own weakness, when exposed to the temptation of a handsome young husband. To forgive him his marital peccadilloes is womanlike and, under the circumstances, natural; but when the erring husband adds to the sin of infidelity the crime of murder, it is surely time to draw the line. Not so the ex-Duchess, who throws the poisoned glass out of the window, and, patting her murderous spouse's head, urges him to be a good boy. There are very few opportunities for laughter in the play. The loudest laugh came from the ladies during the scene in Paul Astier's dressing-room, when the dandy produces a spirit-lamp and curling-irons, and proceeds to tittivate his moustache before going down to dinner. The ladies evidently thought that "curling-irons" belonged wholly to their own sex. On the whole, of Daudet's play it may be said, "A great cry, but little wool." The

subject is unattractive, and the acting of no very particular moment. But next week we are to see the wittier and less didactic "Paris Fin de Siècle," and after that Sarah Bernhardt is to come with her "Jeanne d'Arc."

It was natural that the "actor-managers" should combine to defend the system of organised selfishness, in the choice of plays, which, though, on the whole, it works well, is still open to grave and very serious objections. Granted that the play-loving public is to be restricted to the plays that may suit the individual capacity of the actor or actress who may be in power and has influence, the stage is as well served as it is ever likely to be. But that is not the point. The question is if the patrons of the theatre might not see very much better plays if a theatre or so were directed on the French and not on the English plan. No one desires to boycott the actor-manager, who, on the whole, is a very able and conscientious fellow; but very many people do desire to see, say, one theatre managed by someone who is unprejudiced, and has no axes to grind for himself or for anyone else. One of the most prominent managers asks for witnesses and evidence. They could be easily supplied, and countless instances given, where actors deliberately depart from their own line of character in order to suit the idiosyncrasy of themselves or their companions. Every actor who is worth his salt and is gifted with ambition wants, sooner or later, to play Hamlet. Every actress who can command a banking account pines to play Juliet. The pity of it is that they don't get it over, like measles or the whooping-cough, and have done with it. It is this practising for Hamlet and Juliet that becomes a little vexing. Now, the non-actor-manager might judiciously prevent these little eccentricities by firm and courteous action. If Sothorn, the most eccentric comedian of his day, had had his way, he would have played Romeo without hesitation. He did attempt Othello seriously, with Buckstone as Iago. These little vanities are, no doubt, very harmless. They exhaust themselves; but during the process of exhaustion the drama is not getting "forrader." At any rate, it would do no harm if a few of the countless thousands wasted every year on experiments based on personal vanity were banked and preserved by someone who really did desire to produce the best possible play, acted in the best possible manner. No one wants our best and most popular actors to efface themselves, but, on the other hand, we do not want them to hide others by standing in their light. The best criticism in the eyes of an actor or actress is not the one that fairly praises all, but one that lauds the individual and dispraises the rest. The best play, in the opinion of the ambitious actor, is the one where he is A 1 and the rest nowhere. This is surely true to human nature, so why should it be untrue of actors and actresses? At any rate, I have not met these managerial paragons who spend their money in advancing the interests of other people to the exclusion of themselves! C. S.

In opening the Cape Parliament, Sir Henry Loch, the Governor, referred to the peaceful relations existing with adjoining States and the satisfactory financial position and prospects of the colony.

M. Gennadius, the Greek Minister in London, presided over the eighty-fourth anniversary festival of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, at the Hôtel Métropole, on May 31; and, in proposing the toast of the evening, mentioned that since its foundation the society had afforded relief to nearly 200,000 persons. Subscriptions amounting to £2736 were announced; the Queen sending £100, the Emperor of Germany £100, and the Emperor of Austria £50.

AMERICA IN LONDON.

Sixty pictures in black and white by M. C. A. de l'Aubinière are now added to the exhibition known as "Niagara in London." They represent the results of the artist's prolonged stay in Canada and the Northern States, and illustrate some of the most attractive scenery in a country which abounds in the beauties of nature. The restrictions which M. De l'Aubinière has placed upon himself necessarily induce to give a preference to river scenery—especially to masses of black water and white foam, which can be effectively rendered through the medium of black and white. Consequently, views of Niagara, its surroundings, especially in winter, occupy a considerable space; but the visitor will have no reason to regret this, for, whether seen before or after the large panorama, they cannot fail to give him a fuller interest in this magnificent cataract and its beautiful surroundings. In the Yosemite Valley of California, the Goldstream Valley of Vancouver's Island, and the L'Aubinière Falls of Chicomintli, the artist finds equally attractive subjects; but none, perhaps, exceed in beauty, although they may surpass in grandeur, the enchanted woods of New England, to which he introduces us. As an interpreter of these and other beauties M. De l'Aubinière has many qualities which will commend his work to the most exacting. He has a strong hand, a quick eye, and, above all, an intense sense of the picturesque. There is no sign of hurry or impatience with the difficulties of his subject in any one of these carefully finished oil-paintings, and one can only regret that so true an artist should not have attempted the still harder task of reproducing the scenes he depicts in their actual colours.

The Secretary for Scotland, the Marquis of Lothian, has been presented, at Edinburgh, with his portrait. The gift, which was from the Executive of the Edinburgh International Exhibition of 1886, was presented by Sir James Gowans. Lord Provost Boyd presided.

There was an enormous assemblage in Hyde Park on May 31 for the first meet of the Coaching Club. Twenty-four coaches put in an appearance, six less than last year. Mr. H. A. Brassey, as senior committee-man, headed the procession, the president, the Duke of Beaufort, being absent, and the coaches drove round the Park, after which thirteen drove on to Hurlingham.

By permission of the Benchers of the Inner Temple the gardens will be open in June, July, and August, from six until nine nightly. This privilege is intended especially for the benefit of the poor children inhabiting the surrounding districts. The entrance is from the Thames Embankment gate. The gardens will also be open every Sunday afternoon from 4.30.

We have received from Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co. another number of their publication *Dignitaries of the Church*, consisting of the photographs of the late Right Rev. J. Barber Lightfoot, the Rev. A. H. Stanton, M.A., and the Rev. J. E. Cowell Welldon, head master of Harrow, with a short biographical description accompanying each.—A periodical of the same class is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, entitled *Our Celebrities*, with photographs by Mr. Waler, of Regent-street. Viscount Cross, G.C.B., Mr. Henry Morton Stanley, and Mr. A. W. Pinero are the celebrities chosen for the June issue; and in May excellent photographs were published of Mr. J. A. Froude, Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., and Signor F. Paolo Tosti.

NOVELTIES in CRETONNES.

LARGEST STOCK in the WORLD.—The Largest and Best Stock of Cretonnes ever seen. Every conceivable variety of design and colourings. Visitors to the Show-rooms cannot fail to be pleased, not only with the almost unlimited assortment, but also with the manifestly superior character of the goods.

CRETONNES.—The New Designs for the Season are for the most part exceedingly attractive, the natural floral patterns in soft, delicate colours for drawing-room wear being especially charming. The prevailing idea with the artists has been to produce elegant and pleasing, rather than quaint or sombre, effects.

NEW CRETONNES.

NOVELTIES in CRETONNES.—The Monochrome tints have been applied to many New Designs in excellent taste with most charming results, while other varieties have extremely deep colourings on peculiarly soft creamy or light-tinted grounds, affording a warm, cheerful effect without garishness.

CRETONNES for BEDROOMS.—In this section of the department, Maple and Co. are again prepared with a most magnificent assortment; here, too, the bright, fresh-tinted Floral Patterns are to be seen in delightful profusion. The Reversible Cretonnes also continue in favour, and have been produced in various novel printings.

CHINTZES.

CALENDERED CHINTZES.

GLAZED or CALENDERED CHINTZES.—For those who prefer the older-fashion Calendered Chintzes, Maple and Co. have also made great preparations. Many old and favourite blocks have been re-engraved, and worked with improved colourings and textures, while numerous other graceful floral designs in lovely natural colours have been produced. The present collection is in every way remarkable, and sure to please ladies who use this fabric in preference to cretonne.

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HAZELWOOD FURNITURE.

THE SANDOWN SUITE is a production of altogether remarkable value. This consists of a wardrobe, with plate-glass centre door; washstand, with marble top, tile back, long drawer, cupboard, and brass towel rods; toilet table, with glass affixed and jewel drawers, also large drawer, and three chairs; the price for all being only £7 7s.

THE ELLERDALE SUITE.—Another variety of equally extraordinary value and merit. This suite is in Hazelwood only, and consists of a large wardrobe with bevelled plate-glass door, a large dressing chest with bevelled toilet glass and jewel drawers, large washstand with marble top and double tile back, pedestal cupboard, towel-stand, and three chairs, for £13 15s. This is an excellent set at a moderate price.

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MILANESE BEDROOM SUITES.—Some very fine Milanese Suites are also specially interesting. These, which, in addition to the usual articles, comprise double bedsteads, are in ebony, very beautifully inlaid with ivory, copper, steel, and brass, the ivory panels having engraved classical and allegorical figures. The various items are large, handsome, and well made, the interiors being lined with birdseye maple, and the chairs in some instances upholstered with fabrics from the Pontifical vestments.

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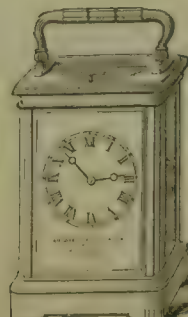
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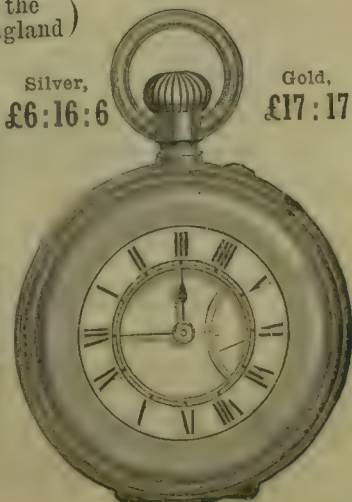


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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There is no other capital of the civilised globe in which could possibly be witnessed the extraordinary spectacle that the Row presents on Sunday mornings at this season of the year. The crowd of well-dressed people is closely packed all along the walk: there might be, and you feel that there ought to be, some great spectacle at the end of the slow, hot parade. But no! That heated, squeezing mob is composed of people supposed to be taking a little stroll after church and before lunch, for the good of their health! How preposterous! It has come to be the fashion to walk there at that time, and the jammed, over-heated crowd does so accordingly. But for fresh air you get the odour of your neighbour's coat—well for you if it be not scented with some detestable perfume, for there are men, nowadays, who scent their mouchoirs, powder their cheeks, gild their hair, and pull in their stays—and for the flowers and the trees that should be your prospect you are condemned to the teasing panorama of the endless hues and styles of clothing. Health and rest indeed! But, all the same, it is very amusing. The most extraordinary efforts of the imagination of the country dressmaker and the suburban tailor elbow the Bond-street gowns and the Piccadilly coats. Beautiful girls attired in colours and fashions precisely suiting them find their foils in withered maidens and portly matrons bedizened in the most unsuitable finery. But the prevailing impression that is left on one's mind certainly is surprise at the wealth and personal beauty displayed in such a mass.

Seldom has there been so suddenly complete a change in the general outline aspect of fashionable attire as there has been between this season and last. What with the tiny flat new bonnets, the full sleeves, the much-trimmed bodices, and the absolutely straight draperies of the skirts, women have a completely different look this season from the aspect that they wore a year ago. Hats with very big brims are worn here now, as they were last summer in Paris, standing straight up above the head like an aureole, showing the fringe—what there is left of it, for no longer is the forehead concealed by a fuzzy tangle of hair, and many wear the hair rolled up above the brow. The most fashionable bonnets rest flat on the head like a plate, with a small aigrette or bow at the back. Others consist of a low-lying wreath of flowers, or twist of velvet, or folds of crepe or tulle for brim, taken round the coils of the hair, and no crown beyond a loose loop or two of ribbon or a spray of blossoms standing boldly up behind. Narrow velvet-ribbon strings are generally worn. Some black-lace bonnets are very *chic* and new, with a coronet of lace in front and another at the back, supported by a ring of jet, and no crown or sides at all beyond that; while three lace butterflies, one behind the other, with wings fully outstretched, and resting on a twist of black velvet, were the whole of another bonnet.

We are far yet from having seen the last of the high Medici collars, but "they say" that as the summer advances we are to have dresses without any collars at all, quite low in the throat. This is a charming style to see on a hot day when worn by women with beautiful firm throats like white columns; but, alas! there will be no sumptuary law to forbid collarless gowns to the sallow and scraggy. Only one dress without a collar met my eye last Sunday in the Park. It was made of a red-toned heliotrope cloth, with full sleeves, and draperies drawn over one side of the bodice, of a delicate red and grey plaid. The plaid was set into the narrowest possible band, which passed round the shoulders, but quite low down, and had no collar above it, so that the throat was fully visible. An aërophane heliotrope hat with loops of red-velvet

ribbon completed the daring costume. Most of the collars are still very high.

Zouave bodices, or trimmings round the shoulder-seam to simulate that sort of over-bodice, are well worn; but decidedly the prevailing style is the cuirass or corselet bodice—that is to say, a yoke at the top, full or plain, and a closely fitting bodice beneath it, hooked up under the arm, and reaching about as high as the top of the corset. Swiss belts are sometimes used; and the bodices much draped from shoulder-seam to waist, so as to conceal all fastenings, are also in fashion. The sum of the matter is that the bodice must in some way or another be more or less elaborate and decorated, while the straight-draped plainness of the skirt is only relieved by a little braiding round the hem, or a band of passementerie, or a handsome narrow side-panel. Sleeves are made of any colour and any material, and trimmed and puffed in all kinds of fanciful ways.

Evening gowns share in the change. No longer is a perfectly plain, low-cut bodice, untrimmed, except for a *berthe*, considered the acme of smartness. A stomacher, or draperies from the shoulder-points to the waist, or one side made plain, with the other much folded and brought over to hook on the opposite hip, or a trail of flowers commencing on one shoulder and brought down to the front to nestle in the soft folds leading to the waist—anything to break the plainness of the outline suffices for being in the fashion. Sleeves for evening wear are gradually making their way too, though the promised long sleeves with low-necked gowns have not yet appeared in English society. But many dresses have little sleeves reaching halfway to the elbow, set in full at the shoulder, and others have epaulettes of a plume of beads or dainty lace matching the skirt front or panel. Girls' dancing dresses are being made more of soft silks, and even of satins, than has been the case for years past; tulle, net, and the rest of the fairy airy fabrics having a temporary and partial eclipse. I am told that at the recent State ball very few dresses entirely of such thin fabrics were seen.

Asparagus has been remarkably plentiful in the London market this season. What a perfect vegetable it is! Even plainly boiled, it takes most people a good while to get tired of it. But, like most high-class flavours, that of asparagus can be employed in giving savour to a dozen dishes, and it is a pity that so little invention is shown in varying its use in this way by English cooks. But, first of all, did you ever taste iced asparagus? It is perfectly easy to prepare, provided you have the necessary ice-cave. You simply have the large Argenteuil asparagus boiled, and lay it in the cave till it is quite cold; then serve it by itself after the roast at dinner on a hot day, with a plain Mayonnaise sauce handed separately. If I were dining with you, I should decline the sauce, and ask for some oil and vinegar simply; but many people prefer the Mayonnaise.

That tiny asparagus which it is only waste of time to cook as a separate dish makes very good soup. A simple white stock must be prepared by stewing a little veal or the remains of cold fowl or rabbit, if convenient, together with a blade or two of mace, a piece of nutmeg, and the whole of the stalks of the asparagus, the little tender part at the top being cut off and put aside. The stock is to be strained off, after simmering a couple of hours, and then put to an equal portion of boiling milk in which has been mixed enough cornflower to make the whole quantity of soup a nice consistence, and in which also the asparagus-tops have been boiled till they are quite tender. Salt must not be added to this soup till after the milk has boiled. This soup may be made green, if

preferred, by passing a handful of boiled spinach through the sieve into the stock.

Another way of using that small asparagus, and equally good for serving up any of the larger sort that may have been left over cold, is to fry it in batter, and serve it as an entremet—asparagus fritters. If it is the small that is so used, it must be boiled first till the tops are tender; then they must be cut off. About half a dozen of the tops are to be taken in a tablespoon, which is then filled up with a plain batter, slightly salted, and the whole neatly emptied at once into boiling fat in the frying-pan. Some people like a very little grated Parmesan cheese mixed in these fritters, but it must in any case be a very minute quantity. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Sir Stafford Northcote has been installed as Grand Mark Master of Devonshire.

Mr. Frederick William Hill, M.A., Assistant Mathematical Master at Fettes College, Edinburgh, has been elected by the Court of Common Council, by a large majority, to be Second Master of the City of London School, in the room of the late Dr. Cuthbertson. Mr. Hill is a Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and was bracketed Third Wrangler in 1886.

The voluntary hospitals and medical charities of London during 1889 relieved 1,100,000 patients, at a cost of £571,483, against an ordinary income of only £486,759, being a difference of nearly £75,000 on the year's work. Of 8063 available beds, only 6030 are constantly occupied throughout the year, leaving one-fourth of the whole number empty, many of which might have been filled had funds been forthcoming to defray the cost. There is evidence that the same system of starvation is applied to the voluntary hospitals all over London.

The annual Court of Governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, was held on May 30, the Earl of Derby, President of the Corporation, in the chair. From the report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), it appeared that in 1889 the hospital had relieved a larger number of sufferers than in any previous year. Of 1993 patients under treatment 1431 had been discharged, many greatly benefited, 245 had died, and there remained in the hospital, on December 21, 309; and in convalescent homes at the expense of the charity, nine. The out-patients' department has been of extensive benefit, 13,845 new cases having received treatment and medicines, the attendances having been 71,883. The annual subscriptions (showing an increase) were £8032; donations, £4670; church collections and Hospital Saturday and Sunday Funds, £2409; incidentals, £2636; legacies, £5101; rents, £1046; dividends and interest, £3759; total, £27,653. The expenditure was £26,147. Four hundred and thirty-seven in-patients had been sent to the Samaritan Society's convalescent homes at Sandgate and Bournemouth, their entire expenses being defrayed by the hospital, with the most beneficial result to the invalids so sent. The committee rely on a continuance of generous support on the part of the public to meet the additional expenditure, as well as for the general maintenance of the hospital. A special throat department had been created and placed in charge of Dr. Percy Kidd. Reference was made to the value of the weekly entertainments to the inmates, the twenty-third annual season having ended on May 15, Princess Christian having for the fourth time graciously taken part in one of them. Generous support is solicited as most necessary for carrying on this work of mercy, the hospital being dependent on voluntary contributions for over £19,000 a year.

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Exeter (Queen-street) ..	arr.	10 40	1 39	3 5	6 29
Barnstaple	4 33	8 13
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Plymouth	1 0	4 42
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Stations.		Ex. Ex.		Ex. Ex.	
Stations.	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Plymouth (Mutley) ..	dep.	8 45	10 15	11 45	4 15
Plymouth	8 51	11 0
Devonport	8 51	11 0
Ilfracombe	7 35	10 10
Barnstaple	8 24	11 3
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In the Afternoon, Leaping Com-
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the late Mr. Stephen Christy of Highfield, in the township of Bramall, in the county of Chester, who died on Feb. 26, 1890, was proved on May 22, 1890, by Mrs. Blanche Christy, the widow, Wakefield Christie-Miller, the brother, and Reginald Morshead, the executors. The testator, after giving several pecuniary legacies and directing his trustees to invest a sum of £30,000 for the benefit of his wife during her life, and devising certain real estate in the counties of Essex and Surrey and in the City of London to his trustees, upon trust, to convey and make over the same to such one of his sons as should first attain the age of twenty-one years, for his own absolute use, devised all his residuary real and personal estate to his trustees, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated March 9, 1888) of Miss Jane Clarke, late of Water-street, Lancaster, who died on March 4 last, was proved on May 16 by William Thomas Sharp and William Hall jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £56,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles, Lancaster; £50 each to St. John's School, Lancaster; the Lancaster Infirmary; the Kendal Clerical Society; the Royal Life-Boat Institution; and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one third, upon trust, for each of her nephews, James Boud Clarke and John Edward Henry Clarke, and one third, upon trust, for her niece, Elizabeth Burrows, for their lives, and, on their respective deaths, for their children.

The will (dated July 9, 1887) of Mr. Henry Cowan, late of 22, Stanley-crescent, Notting-hill, who died on March 26 last,

was proved on May 15 by Mrs. Charlotte Cowan, the widow, John Cowan, the brother, Augustus Halford, and Hyman Montagu, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, effects, horses and carriages, and £600 to his wife; and two or three other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, she maintaining and educating his daughter Hannah; on the death or remarriage of his wife, the income is to be paid to his said daughter, for life, and, on her death, the capital is to go to her issue, as she shall appoint. In default of issue, one moiety of the ultimate residue is to be divided between the children of his brother Phineas, and the other moiety between the two children of his brother Samuel.

The will (dated May 8, 1888) of Mrs. Mary Curtis, formerly of 62, Priory-road, West Hampstead, and late of The Myrtles, Farncombe-road, Worthing, who died on April 28 last, was proved on May 19 by Percival Sanford, Harry Campbell Blaker, and Frederick Wilfred Baker, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testatrix bequeaths her furniture, jewellery, and effects, an immediate legacy of £500, and a further sum of £5000 to Charlotte Sawyer; £5000 each to her godsons, Frederick Wilfred Baker and Philip Malyn Sanford; £5000 to Samuel Birch; £5000, upon trust, for Richard Birch, his wife and children; and considerable legacies to executors and others. Such part of the residue of her personal estate as can, by law, be bequeathed for charitable purposes, she leaves to the London Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, the Cancer Hospital (Fulham-road), the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond-

street), the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney Heath), the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, the School for the Indigent Blind (St. George's Fields, Southwark), the Railway Benevolent Institution, and the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage, equally, except that the London Hospital is to take two shares; and the part she cannot so bequeath to the said Frederick Wilfred Baker.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1882) of Mr. Thomas Single, late of Sidney Lodge, Wimbledon Common, who died on March 31 last, was proved on May 8 by Washington Single, the brother, Arthur Single and Washington Single jun., the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator gives £500, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, effects, horses, and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Maria Hector Single; his freehold residence, Sidney Lodge, to his wife, for life, and then to his son Frederick. He also gives to his wife £700 per annum for life, charged on the properties given to his son Frederick, and a further £700 per annum for life, charged on the properties given to his son Stanley. The testator leaves very numerous freehold and leasehold properties for each of his children, Henry, Frederick, Stanley, Kate, and Ellen Blanche, for their respective lives, and then for their children or remote issue as they shall respectively appoint. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his sons Frederick and Stanley, in equal shares.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Major-General Sir Howard Elphinstone, R.E., V.C., K.C.B., C.M.G., late of Pine Wood, Bagshot, who died at sea on March 8 last, without leaving any will, were granted on May 20 to Annie Frances, Lady Elphinstone, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000.

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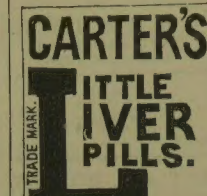
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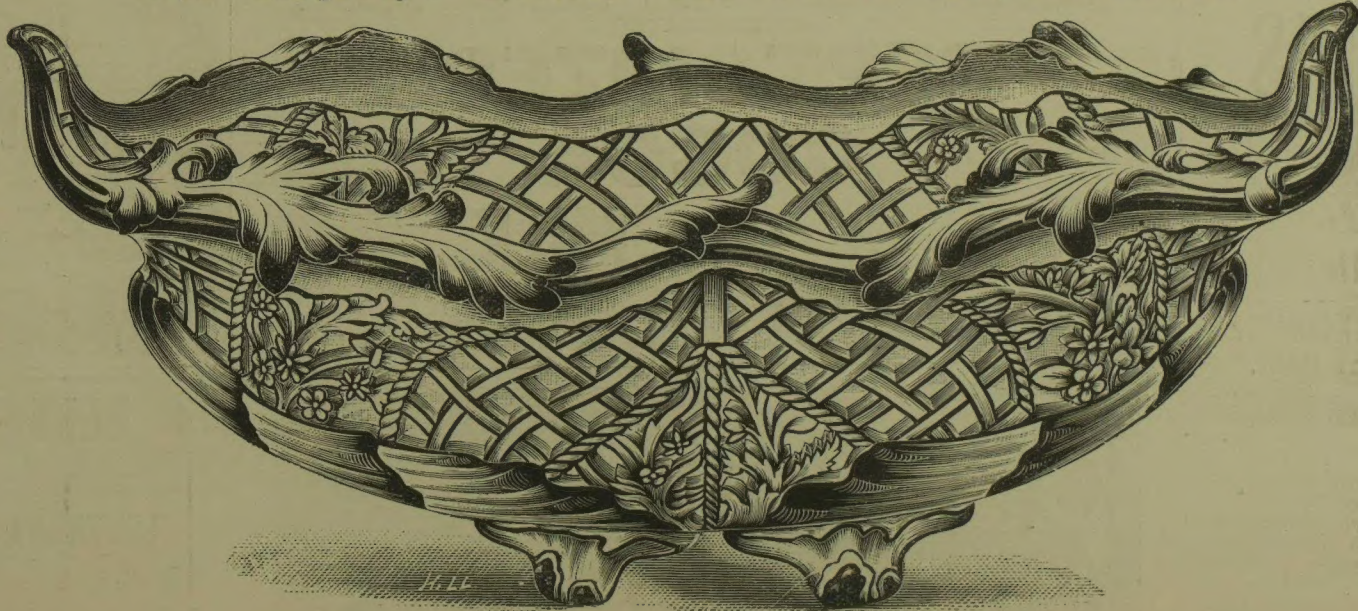
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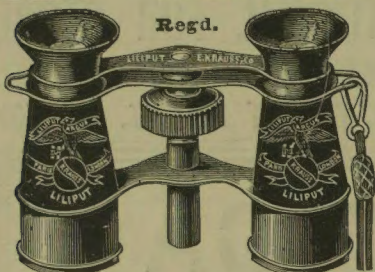
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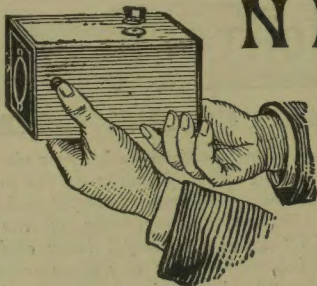
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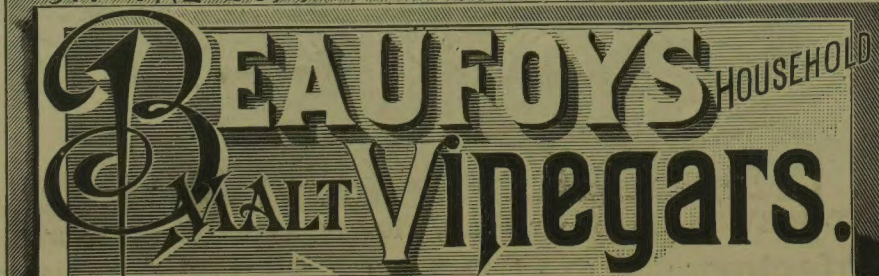
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